THE LIFE OF THE IVY

W. R. JAMES

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THE LURE OF THE MAP

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THE LURE OF THE MAP

BY

W. P. JAMES

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TO

MY FRIENDS

WILLIAM PATON KER

AND

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

I HAVE to thank Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Mr. John Murray and the Editors for their courtesy in kindly allowing me to use matter already published in the *Edinburgh Review* and in *Macmillan's* and the *Cornhill* Magazines.

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THE LURE OF THE MAP

The Lure of the Map

IT was pleasant to find from Lord Morley's *Recollections* that at the height of the Land League troubles in Ireland the anxious politicians at Dublin Castle found time to unbend over literature, and that a stock topic of the literary journalists engaged their august attention. "On the old question," writes Lord Morley, "what author one would take to a desert island, Asquith was for Balzac; of course Shakespeare and the Bible were given in, though perhaps not most read." As a literary journalist myself I had had occasion to consider the question, and had come to the conclusion that I should myself choose an Atlas. It is wonderful what entertainment there is to be got out of an Atlas, with some experience of travel and a little imagination. You can plan tours that are often as vivid as the real thing and more satisfactory.

With a large-scale map and a smattering of geology you can actually picture the scenery. For this I can vouch not only my own experience

but the more convincing testimony of Mr. Douglas Freshfield. He has told us how, instructed by his experience of the Alps, he was already prepared by the examination of the map for the entrancing scenes that were to meet his eyes in the Caucasus. What a pity it is, he says, that so few Englishmen and hardly any Englishwomen have learned to read the shorthand of the map, which indicates to the understanding eye the views that the traveller will encounter. They miss much instruction and all the romantic pictures which maps are capable of suggesting.

Besides the suggestive promise of the map there is the challenge and incitement of what remains unmapped. It was probably because Columbus was a map-maker and the brother of a map-maker that he discovered the New World. It was a blank on the map that sent Burton on his famous and audacious pilgrimage to Mecca. It was, he said, for the purpose of removing that opprobrium to modern adventure, the huge white blot which in the maps still denoted the eastern and central regions of Arabia, that he offered his services to the Geographical Society. Such white blots on the map have been as a candle to the moth to long lines of brave explorers in Africa, in Central Asia, to the Poles. The very mistakes of the map have proved an inspiration. Under the influence of the passion for symmetry which swayed the old geographers, Mercator and Ortelius evolved out of their inner consciousness

a Southern Continent, which proved a great incitement to discovery and became the unattained goal for many a bold adventurer, until Captain Cook finally disproved its existence.

Then besides the pleasures of prospect there are the pleasures of retrospect. In his fine book *Marching on Tanga* Captain Brett Young writes: "All through the Pangani trek" (this was in General Smuts's East African Expedition) "I carried in my haversack one book, a thin paper copy of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, but what I read more often was a small scale Bartholomew map of England finely coloured with mountains, meadowlands, and streams, and there I would travel magical roads, crossing the Pennines or lazing through the blossomy Vale of Evesham, or facing the salt breeze on the flat top of Mendip at will. In these rapt moments the whole campaign would seem to me nothing but a sort of penance, by means of which I might attain to those blue remembered hills." I, too, have walked with Bartholomew's maps all over Sussex, Surrey, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, over the mountains and sea coasts of my native Wales, through the Lake Country and over the Scotch ranges from Galloway to Skye. The maps are for me, too, magic mirrors wherein are made to live again my happiest hours—hours in which mountain and sea, moor and stream, sunshine, storm, and salt breezes mingle with the delight of reunion and communion with the

dearest, wisest, and wittiest of old friends. I think not even the sorrow's crown of sorrows on my desert island could rob me of the zest of reminiscence, or the spell of mirage in Bartholomew's maps.

Then if you are lucky enough to have a mind stored with literature and history, each page of your Atlas would bring with it a wealth of imaginative recreation to cheat time in your solitude. You might open your Atlas and dream that you were delivered and sailing home—

> Sweeping past shores where the names are the names of the victories of England.

Or say you opened at the map of the Ægean Sea—what a crowd of memories, from the Trojan War to the heroisms and disappointments of Gallipoli! To look at Troy and Argos in the map is to dream again all the drama of Hector and Achilles, to conjure up the form of Helen and see

> The face that launched a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

For myself, I can never look at a map of the Ægean without catching the flash of the beacon fires from island to island which heralded the return of Agamemnon, the crime of Clytemnestra, and all the trilogy of woes to follow. The passage in Æschylus was a favourite with my old headmaster, Edward Thring, for whom the classics were something more than a grammatical gym-

nasium. Or perhaps the first memory aroused by the map would be of the great struggle between Greece and Persia, as epical in Herodotus as the Trojan War in Homer. Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis—the names on the map are trumpet-calls. One scene is always recalled to my mind by the map of Attica. At Marathon, when the fight was over and the beaten Persians had retired to their ships, suddenly on the ridge of Mount Pentelicus there was a flash of light. It was a sunray flashed from an upturned shield, and, so far as I know, the first recorded heliographic message. Happily, the Greek commander saw it and guessed its meaning. It meant treachery at Athens, an invitation from the partisans of the tyrant Hippias to the Persian fleet to sail and seize the undefended city. A race followed between the Persian fleet and the Greek army, and the Greeks won. The soldiers marched into the city just as the fleet was rounding the point of Cape Sunium, and Western civilisation was saved.

> The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea,

and Byron, dreaming there an hour alone, some twenty-three centuries later, dreamed that Greece might yet be free.

Keats, in a memorable sonnet, compared his discovery of Greek literature with the first sight from a peak in Darien of the undiscovered

Pacific. Every walker knows the thrill of coming on a mountain top to a sudden sight of the sea. One of the most thrilling moments in history is when Xenophon's Ten Thousand, lost and surrounded in a hostile country, after struggling blindly on, harassed by attacks day and night, on a sudden, from a mountain top in Armenia, catch the distant glitter of the Euxine. It meant safety and home, and from the labouring throats, caught up from rank to rank, rang out the ecstatic shout—"Thalatta, Thalatta!—the sea, the sea!" How could one look in the map at the mountains of Armenia and not be stirred by the memory of that moment and the thrill of that cry!

And the Atlas is for all tastes, for all pieties and patriotisms. The map of Palestine is smaller than the map of Greece, but the names marked on it vibrate round the globe and stir all hearts. Such an inspiration to every man should be the map of his own country. Think of Macaulay's "Ballad of the Armada," how he watches the courier fires leaping from hill-top to hill-top, from Hampstead, ridge by ridge, to the Peak; by Malvern's lonely height and the Wrekin to the stormy hills of Wales; by Ely across the Fens to Lincoln, and so to the farthest bounds of the land, till "the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle." See what the map of England means to the man who wrote of Puck of Pook's Hill and the "Coastwise Lights of England." We

know that when Mr. Belloc looks in the map on the "Isle of France" he is watching the march of Western religion and civilization from St. Genevieve to the Union Sacrée of to-day. For Swinburne yesterday and for Mr. George Trevelyan to-day the map of modern Italy is the glorious symbol of the spirit of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the record of a nation's resurrection. Or meditate just for a minute or two what the map meant to a mind like Gibbon's, as his eye travelled from Rome to Ravenna and back to Pavia and Milan, or swept from Bagdad to Cordova, or from Scandinavia to Apulia and Sicily. It meant the vast procession of European history, the Empire, the Church, the wanderings and invasions of the barbarians, the birth of the modern nations. English history, as the poet says, is an "island story." The history of Italy has been dominated by the two factors, that it was joined to the ancient world by the Mediterranean and separated from the barbarians of the north by the insecure barrier of the Alps. The history of Spain is the history of the Asturias, Castile, Aragon, Andalusia, and Granada split asunder by their mountain wedges. More pertinently still one might ponder on the history of the maps themselves and the heroisms and sacrifices that have gone to their making, from Hanno's band of Carthaginian pioneers to the heart-breaking story of Captain Scott and his companions. Think of Prince Henry's sailors faring forth into the terrors

of unknown waters, where they fully believed that the sun poured down liquid flame on a boiling sea and men turned black if they passed Cape Nun. Think of the long years of hope deferred in which Columbus vainly importuned principalities and powers, and—worse than all the hardships of his voyages—of the treacheries and mutinies of his companions, and the alternations of disgrace and punishment with half-hearted reward wherewith Spain recompensed the man who had made her a present of a New World for empire. Remember what it has cost in courage and devotion, in suffering and death, to enter and explore the Pacific and Polar Oceans, to chart the Niger or the Mississippi. The lives and deaths of men like Magellan and La Salle, of Sir John Franklin, of Mungo Park and Livingstone, make the glorious martyrology and Golden Legend of cosmography.

Ruskin, confessing what a vast amount of knowledge had been thrown into a narrow space by the charts of the world drawn up by modern science, regretted that they were not pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between Northern and Southern countries. We know, he said, the differences in detail, but we want that broad glance and grasp which should enable us to feel them in their fulness. He imagined what it would be to fly with the swallow or the stork, to view the Mediterranean lying

beneath like an irregular lake, with all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; to pass northwards from that great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea blue, and to watch the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland and poplar valleys of France and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in grey swirls of rain-cloud. And so on farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the Northern seas. And at last the wall of ice durable like iron, its white teeth set deathlike against us out of the polar twilight.

But what was it that made possible for Ruskin this flight in imagination over successive latitudes of the earth's surface? What but the map to which his tribute is inadequate? Without the map his bird flight and bird's-eye view would have been clean impossible. He had grown up, as we have all grown up, in a world of maps and of the geographical knowledge made visually intelligible by maps. We are familiar with the contours of the countries of the world laid out upon the blue ocean on the terrestrial globe. Ruskin, with his experience of travel and his gift of observation, learnt to read

in a fuller measure than most of us the full text of nature in the shorthand of the map, and transcribed it with all the splendour of his rhetoric. But without the map the vision would have been unimaginable. Nothing is more manifest in the record of ancient geography than the failure of travellers to convey an approximately true idea of the earth's surface, before their reports had been checked by astronomical and geometrical observations and digested into a map. It is probable that long before the vogue of the Homeric poems, Phœnician and Cretan mariners were not only familiar with the coasts of the Mediterranean but had penetrated to Northern Europe and the Indian Ocean.

Herodotus says that according to the Persians the Phœnicians came originally from the Indian Ocean. Yet look at any map of Homeric geography. In the middle, in the light, is the Eastern Mediterranean, and all around a shapeless continent, and twilight regions of barbarians and monsters; then the encircling "stream of Ocean," and beyond Cimmerian darkness. And although the Greeks early gave up the notion that the earth was flat, for another five or six centuries, and after the great epoch of Greek colonization and the physical researches and speculations of the Ionian philosophers, after the Persian War and the geographical science of Hecatæus, their map of the world was still a rude circular disc with the ocean all round and the Mediterranean for a girdle, in which the only

lands really known were those by the Mediterranean coasts. And not all Herodotus's knowledge (and he was a considerable traveller, with an inquiring mind and a real interest in geography) did much to modify this conception, though he laughed at the popular notion that the stream of ocean rounded off the disc as if it had been trimmed by a lathe. It was but a sketchy knowledge of the East as far as the Indus that the conquests of Alexander achieved, and the return voyage of Nearchus from the Indus to the Persian Gulf was still only a coasting voyage.

As the conquests of Alexander brought the countries round the Eastern Mediterranean, so the Roman conquests, as Polybius observed, brought the countries round the Western Mediterranean, into practical common knowledge. Yet, at the height of the Roman Empire in the second century after Christ, the famous map of Ptolemy gives a very inaccurate representation of regions that must have been familiar enough in the reports of traders, soldiers, and travellers. The Indian Ocean is represented as a lake with Libya and Asia forming one continent to the south of it. And this, though the general view was that there was ocean all round Libya to the south; and though, six hundred years before, Herodotus had heard and handed on the tradition, that an expedition sent out by Neco, King of Egypt, had started south from the Red Sea and returned three years later by way of the Pillars of Hercules.

Herodotus rejected the story because the voyagers reported that as they sailed round Libya they had the sun on their right hand, the very thing that proves their tale was true. Herodotus, by the way, with his Hellenic bias to symmetry, surmised that the Nile south of the Mediterranean ran parallel to the Danube north of it; and the idea that the Niger and the Nile were connected persisted down to the nineteenth century.

Ptolemy again makes Ceylon rather larger than Asia Minor, though there had been a brisk trade with Ceylon at least since the reign of the Ptolemies in Egypt. The known world for him terminated just south of the Equator, and nothing was really known of North-Eastern Europe beyond the Rhine and the Danube. Britain was a Roman province, yet Scotland is represented as running due east from its northern end, and the Roman world still imagined that the islands from which they obtained their tin lay somewhere off the coast of Spain. Yet centuries earlier, in the time of Alexander the Great, Pytheas of Marseilles had sailed the coast of Northern Europe as far as Holstein, if not right into the Baltic, and given the world the benefit of his experience and discoveries. It is clear that travellers were able to convey little effective notion of the earth's surface, till their information had been codified into a map, and that when once a map had been compiled its mistakes long prevailed over later and truer information.

Yet, imperfect as was geographical knowledge at the height of the Roman Empire, it was as sunlight to moonlight compared with what followed. With the invasions of the barbarians and the break-up of the Empire the tradition of science was lost. Such culture as survived passed to the monks with their many preoccupations and prejudices. The comparatively scientific geography of Eratosthenes and Strabo and Ptolemy was lost and forgotten, and to contrast with it the efforts of the medieval map-maker is to go back from the schoolroom to the nursery. When Ptolemy's map was rediscovered in the early fifteenth century it was as a light shining in a great darkness.

The best-known specimen of the medieval map is probably the map of The World in Hereford Cathedral, which dates from the end of the thirteenth century. Here is the world as conceived by the medieval mind. Plumb in the centre is the sacred city of Jerusalem. A little to the right, and occupying an appreciable part of the world's surface, is depicted the Granary of Joseph. We know from the records of pilgrims that throughout the Middle Ages the Egyptian pyramids were regarded as the barns in which Joseph stored his grain against the seven lean years. Remoter peoples are indicated by inscriptions such as "Here dwell very evil men." The whole is decorated with strange medieval flora and fauna—mandragora, salamander, hippogriffs, and

round the margin are set men with horns and men with tails, men with four eyes and men with eyes below their shoulders.

It is not easy to realize that our ancestors who went on the Crusades had this notion of the world's surface. As a matter of fact these monkish maps, founded on medieval legend and a misreading of the Bible and on the reports of pilgrims more credulous than credible, do not represent the best knowledge of the time. The sailing charts used for the practical guidance of mariners were a different matter altogether and give a wonderfully accurate delineation of the Mediterranean coast. Those charts, however, were no more familiar to the average man then than Admiralty charts are to the average man now; and for the ordinary pilgrim or crusader the world was just such a place of grotesque distortions and embellishments as is represented by the Hereford map.

This was the dark hour before the dawn. It was to be followed by the invention of the astrolabe and the mariner's compass and the greatest epoch of geographical discovery in all history. A thousand years after Ptolemy, the old knowledge had been lost. The rediscovery of Ptolemy's map was a revelation, but within a generation the revelation was obsolete. Within three centuries of the wild fancies of the Hereford map, men saw, in general outline, the likeness of the earth's surface in the maps of

Ortelius and Mercator (but for the mythical southern continent) very much as we know it to-day. This epoch of discovery is, or should be, familiar to English readers in Hakluyt's stirring narratives. Hakluyt was close friends with the map-makers. He kept in correspondence with Ortelius and Mercator, supplied them with records of old travels, and told them when English sailors were starting on new ones. We find Mercator regretting he got the letter about Arthur Pet's voyage to the North-East too late to give instructions and warnings. Mercator was "perswaded out of Plinie and other writers" that the North-East Passage to Cathay was "very easie and short," but that the Pole of Loadstone caused "strange inconstancie and variation of the compasse very apt to deceive the sailor." He wanted Hakluyt to question Arthur Pet on his return about tides and currents and the freshwater sea he believed would be found there between Nova Zembla and Tabin, and he would like Mr. Frobisher to observe the same westwards. He regretted the search for the North-East Passage had been abandoned for the North-West, when it had already been half discovered. Well, the accomplishment of that short and easy passage was reserved for the *Vega* three centuries later. Such inquiries give us a good notion what map-making meant in the sixteenth century.

For his North American map Mercator tells Hakluyt that he had relied on "a certaine sea

card, drawn by a certaine priest out of the description of a Frenchman, a pilot very skilful in those parts," so he believed it "very neere the trueth"; and he says that when he wanted to refer a second time to a voyage lent him by a friend in Antwerp, the friend had forgotten where he had borrowed it. He begs Hakluyt to continue the interchange of information that "may yeald any helpe or light unto this most excellent enterprise of navigation." It was, it may be remembered, a map that had at the beginning set Hakluyt's own imagination afire. When he was a schoolboy at Westminster, he told Sir Francis Walsingham, he happened to visit his cousin, and found lying open on his board certain books of cosmography with a Universal Map. "He, seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance; he pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories. From the map he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107th Psalm, he directed me to the 23rd and 24th verses, where I read that they which go down to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the work of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. Which words of the prophet together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature) took in me so deep an impression, that I constantly resolved I would by God's assistance prosecute that

knowledge and kind of literature, the doores whereof were so happily opened before me."

I had better stop there, for I could never find a better testimonial to the magic of the map. It might be tempting to follow the growing light to the perfect day of the Ordnance Survey. It would sound erudite to say something of Rennell's Map of India, or the great Jesuit Map of China made for Kang Hi in the early years of the eighteenth century. Above all, it would be pleasant to linger over those delightful seventeenth and eighteenth century maps of our own country and counties—Humphrey Llwyd's, Saxton's, Norden's, Speed's, Blaeu's, Kitchin's, and the rest, gaily coloured with ships and dolphins and heraldic devices, with inset engravings of buildings and towns, and with something of that pictorial representation of the physical features which Ruskin missed in the more scientific charts. But I have said enough, and like to take leave of a fascinating subject with Hakluyt's fine phrases and the inspiration of his spirit. It should need no further exhortation to take our Bartholomew in our hands, and to seek the prospects and prosecute the knowledge, the doors whereof are there so happily opened before us.

Local Colour

I HAVE some recollection, possibly inaccurate, of a dialogue in an early novel by Henry James between a young American girl copying in the Louvre and a compatriot newly arrived in Europe. The girl, saying she had come over for art, asked the man what he was over for, and his answer was "for local colour." The American, like his literary creator, had evidently been reading the French romanticists; for that was forty years ago, and "la couleur locale" had been not so long before a battle-cry with Hugo and Gautier and their young romantic legion. Local colour, Prosper Mérimée told Taine in the after days, was the Holy Grail of the young Romantics; and in 1827, when he too was a Romantic, he held it for dogma with the rest that, save in local colour, there was no salvation. When Eugène de Nully was in Africa, his friend Gautier wrote to him: "Just send me a few pots of local colour, and I will make famous Turkish and Algerian stories." A few pots of local colour, and literature was easy then. Victor Hugo had written poems of the East, and Musset tales of Italy and Spain, and these had been the predecessors of a motley

progeny of exotic poetry and romance. Everything foreign was in favour, everything French at a discount. "The other peoples say Homer, Dante, Shakespeare; we say Boileau": so wrote Hugo scornfully in the preface to *Les Orientales.* Shakespeare's name was much in the mouths of the Romantics, Stendhal's pamphlet on Racine and Shakespeare having saved them probably the shock of contact with the original.

Perhaps the most naïve symptom of the fashion was the divine discontent of the young men with their own French names. Maxime du Camp has told us how, after reading Hugo's *Romance Mauresque,* he envied the happy mortal who not only carried a jewelled dagger as of course, but had a name like Don Rodrigue de Lara. Having to choose a title for a youthful book of his own, he called it *Wistibrock l'Islandais.* Why Iceland? why Wistibrock? he asked himself with stupefaction in later years. Yet, while indulging his fancy in fiction, he endured his own baptismal name. It was not so with the others. What imaginative geography was responsible for the name of Petrus Borel it is idle to conjecture; but when Théophile Dondey transformed himself into Philothée O'Neddy, and Auguste Maquet became Augustus MacKeat, the exotic intention is plainly, if inaccurately, indicated. MacKeat may not sound very Scotch on this side of the Channel, nor Philothée O'Neddy convincingly Irish; but both were near enough for the Latin Quarter.

It may be remembered that Hugo introduced the bagpipes into a romance for local colour, and contentedly called them "bugpipe" through chapter after chapter and edition after edition, without any protest from French readers. Young romantic bloods, cursed with the common name of Jean, revived the medieval h, and called themselves Jehan. For, as Gautier explained, the yearning for the foreign embraced time as well as space; their nostalgia, as he called it, was for other ages as well as other lands. His own red waistcoat at "Hernani," for example, about which all the fuss was made, was not a red waistcoat at all; it was a *pourpoint rose*. A red waistcoat would have smacked of modern politics; and modern politics were simply an offence to them, Petrus Borel being the only republican among them. The *pourpoint rose*, on the other hand, was a badge of medievalism. Medieval Gothic was for a while their only wear in religion and politics as well as art. It was quite a schism, Gautier said, when he introduced the antique. Gautier himself was happy in a Merovingian head of hair. If you could not look like Childeric or Clovis, it was well to have the appearance of a maharajah.

A certain Bouchardy owed his prestige among the Romantics not so much to his ultra-Gothic designs and his inexhaustible memory for Hugo's verse, as to his Asiatic complexion. In muslin and turban he was an Indian prince to the life,

said Gautier; and when he rose to leave their company, they felt as if his palanquin was waiting at the door. He was the mildest mannered of men, but the picturesque ferocity of his appearance gave, in the opinion of his friends, a very salutary shock to the prosperous citizen of Paris. Failing the physique of a maharajah, and the Merovingian head of hair, the next best thing was to be of a livid and cadaverous countenance, with the gloom of fate on a Byronic brow. For this midsummer madness Gautier kept his zest to the end. After Romanticism had gone out, and science and pseudo-science had come in, nay, after the iron of calamitous reality had entered the soul of Paris and of her children—first capitulation, then famine, then bombardment, a disaster, as Gautier characteristically remarked to Goncourt, completely satisfying every canon of art—even then, and till his death, his delight was to talk local colour with congenial spirits and discuss the great days which the phrase recalled to him.

Mérimée did not remain so faithful to the doctrine in which he was brought up. He began bravely. Local colour being, as he said, their Holy Grail, he and his young friend Ampère began by vowing themselves to its quest through the countries of the earth. They had enthusiasm, but alack! they had no money, and in modern Europe not even a knight-errantry can be managed without money. In this difficulty they

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decided to lay on the local colour out of their own heads at home, and afterwards to travel upon the profits of the books to see if their pictures were like. In prosecution of this hopeful plan, young Mérimée took Dalmatia to be his province, and in a fortnight, it is said, produced a volume of what purported to be translations from the Illyrian. This spirited essay in local colour, if not remunerative in money, was so successful in accomplishment that the supposed product of Illyrian genius was gravely discussed by German savants, and was thought worthy of translation by the Russian poet Poushkine.

The facile success, he told Taine afterwards, opened his eyes to the cheapness of the trick and killed at a blow his belief in the virtue of local colour. So at least he used to say in the after years; yet perhaps it is not necessary to take him quite at his word. It was Mérimée's little way to mask his emotions and to make light of his convictions; nor will the judicious reader forget that there are no sounder monuments of the romantic use of local colour than Mérimée's own little masterpieces, *Tamango*, *Mateo Falcone*, *Carmen*, *Colomba*.

It was in *Colomba* that Mérimée published the recantation of his early faith. He drew a satirical portrait of a young English lady returning from Italy disgusted because she had failed to find there the local colour she was in quest

of, and being recommended to try her luck in Corsica. "Local colour!" exclaims Mérimée, commenting on the young lady's fancy, "explain who can the meaning of the phrase, which I understood so well some years ago, but which I understand no longer." He understood the thing, however, so well still, that no traveller's kit to Corsica has since been complete without a copy of *Colomba*.

The young English lady's craving for the local colour of Italy reminds us that the fashion was no new thing in the days of Mérimée and Gautier. The Italy of her dreams was the Italy of *Childe Harold*. Before Hugo and Musset was the English Byron. When the young French Romantics were playing at sultans and bandits in the purlieus of Paris, they acknowledged to themselves that they were vying on unequal terms with Milord Byron, with his real adventures and exotic loves and his draught of blood (or was it punch?) out of a hollow skull in the authentic vaults of Newstead Abbey. It was our own Byron and Scott and "Ossian" Macpherson who spread the romantic fashion for local colour through Europe. And in France itself, before Hugo, there was Chateaubriand; and before Chateaubriand's descriptions of the virgin forests of America, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had introduced into French literature the blazing flowers and luxuriant growths of the tropics. It is indeed to Saint-Pierre that French critics are

inclined to give the credit of the initiation of what they call exotism.

The exotism of the chief Romantics was, it has to be admitted, rather superficial. *Les Orientales* was one of the flags about which the fight for local colour fastened; but Hugo's Oriental colouring was the merest theatrical decoration. Hugo and Musset knew nothing whatever at first hand of the East. Hugo ultimately got as far afield as to the Channel Islands, but it was a decree of banishment that took him there; and when Musset was offered the chance of travel in that Spain which was the Romantic's land of promise, he refused to go. Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, was no inconsiderable traveller, and a traveller with an unusual eye for the picturesque. And the unhappy Gérard de Nerval, another of the vanguard of 1830, not only dwelt for some time in Constantinople and Cairo, but carried his cult of local colour to the length of wedding an Abyssinian wife. His French friends were full of curiosity concerning her, and Gérard assured them gently that she was yellow all over.

That the local colour of Hugo and the rest was not so thorough as that of Gerard's Abyssinian wife was apparent to many minds even in the hey-day of Romanticism. When Amédée Jaubert, the Orientalist, was quoting Saadi one day, and Maxime du Camp retaliated with *Les Orientales*, the other shrugged his shoulders, and said that

making Oriental poetry without knowing the East was like making rabbit-pie without the rabbit.

It was no doubt the superficial and unreal character of this popular local colour that dissatisfied Mérimée, in whom the impulse of scholarship was at least as strong as the impulse of romance. He was, in fact, not strictly of the Hugolatrous generation, but a disciple of Stendhal, a man who knew Italy by heart; and his sympathies were less with the enthusiasms of 1830 than with the spirit of erudition and science of the generation which followed. Nobody knew better than Mérimée that the phrase which was so much in the mouths of militant Romantics meant originally something wider and deeper than a decorative use of Arab steeds and Spanish cloaks and medieval mummery. The phrase had been coined to express opposition to the colourless uniformity of the classical ideal.

On the French stage in the Grand Siècle everybody wore the same fine wigs and spoke the same fine Alexandrines in the same academic vocabulary. The cry for local colour was the cry of revolt against this tyrannous uniformity: a cry for the concrete and the characteristic in place of the conventional type. It was by an intelligible transition enough that the sacred cause came to be identified with dramas of Spanish outlaws picturesquely defying the old-fashioned rules of French prosody. The fight of classic and romantic was, like other literary battles, a battle with confused

noise, and in the confusion the farther the Romantics got from Racine the safer they felt, and the flags of Hugo and Musset were no bad banners to follow. But originally the cry for local colour was not a cry merely for foreign colour: it was a cry for characteristic and appropriate colour. Only, and here perhaps was Mérimée's difficulty later, if local colour signified no more than appropriate and characteristic colour, how was the shibboleth of revolution to be distinguised from the elementary maxims of art? In this catholic sense Homer was as much master of local colour as Théophile Gautier. This is probably what Mérimée meant when he said he no longer understood the meaning of the term. What in fact did Maupassant's lessons in style from Flaubert come to but this—that whether he described a Carthaginian battle or a carriage passing the club window, it should be impossible for readers to mistake his particular battle or carriage for any other? The secret of style, in other words, lay in accurate local colour; and thus the romantic battle-cry is found transformed into the school maxim of realism.

That the thing called Realism was indeed the natural sequel and complement of Romanticism has long been clear. It was so both by development and reaction. For the Orientalism and medievalism of their predecessors the French Realists substituted the local colour of the province and the gutter. It need not be sup-

posed this later local colour is always of unimpeachable accuracy. The Realist, being for the most part but the Romantic topsy-turvy, is quite as fond, after his fashion, of forcing and falsifying his tones for effect. Still the free licence of the imagination is undoubtedly more restrained in dealing with things which lie under the writer's and reader's nose; and the more exacting standard of accuracy required on familiar ground reacted in turn on the imaginative freedom of unfamiliar description. Moreover, the whole trend of the post-romantic generation was in the direction of science and observation. Indeed, Romanticism itself was both a symptom and a stimulus of awakening interest in things remote in place and time, which was bound to lead, and did lead, to exploration and research.

The effect of the change on the old romantic cult of local colour was naturally considerable, and the immediate effect may be observed in Flaubert, who in this, as in other matters, has the interest for criticism of occupying a transitional position. Flaubert grew up a Romantic of the Romantics, and his literary ambition was to produce a masterpiece of local colour. This aspiration of his early years took form, in the fullness of time and after protracted labour, in the Carthaginian romance of *Salammbô*. *Salammbô* is a book of local colour all compact; but it is local colour not at all of the earlier romantic pattern. The formula was the same, but the spirit is altered. The yearning

for a climate more flamboyant than the native grey of his Norman skies, the itch to startle the conventional Frenchman, are quite in the romantic tradition; but the spirit of the later generation asserts itself in Flaubert's extraordinary anxiety to make his exotic colour true. The Carthage of *Salammbô* is, I dare say, not a little unlike the real Carthage; but that Flaubert took all possible pains to make it as like as he could was abundantly proved in his controversies with his critics. Not only had he travelled in Africa and explored the site, though so much locomotion as was needed for a walk round his garden was irksome to him, but he furthermore made himself acquainted with every document which could throw light on Carthaginian history or character.

And what was the effect of this elaborately studied colour? Sainte-Beuve complained that this *tour de force* of local colour lacked human interest. Flaubert retorted that his critic's distaste was the measure of his own success; that it was precisely because the local colour was genuine and not a mere romantic decoration, that his critic missed the kind of human interest he looked for. What Sainte-Beuve would have liked, said Flaubert, was a set of sentimental Frenchmen masquerading in Carthaginian fancy dress; the real barbaric, Moloch-worshipping Carthaginian was not nice to a Parisian taste. And when again Sainte-Beuve protested that he was unable to feel the fascination of a beauty daubed with

vermilion and poisoned with perfume, Flaubert begged him to take his Bible and to use his nose; Judith and Esther, he assured him, were every bit as much poisoned with perfume as his own *Salammbô*. As is always the case in controversy between competent antagonists, there was truth on both sides. But it is pertinent to observe that Flaubert's citation of Esther and Judith tells against himself; if he had written their stories there would have been no need of the admonition to use our noses. The Oriental writers, on the other hand, not being set upon executing a *tour de force* of local colour, made, in spite of all the Oriental colouring, the human story the predominant interest.

Flaubert was right to refer his critic to the Bible for true Oriental colour. If the West has ever understood anything of the East it has been due in the first place to the Bible and the *Arabian Nights*. If you want your local colour accurate, the place to look for it is in the native writers of foreign regions. Dickens was as full of local colour for the American as Bret Harte for the Briton. Or you may get accurate local colour in such writers as the author of *Hajji Baba*, of whom it was said that he was never at home except when he was abroad.

But as a matter of fact accuracy was not what the Romanticist was after. What he was on the look out for was decorative effect. Emphasis, not accuracy, was the mark of Romanticism, and in

the local colour the emphasis was to be on the foreignness. This, as we have seen, was the case even with Flaubert, who had a conscience for historical and geographical truth that never troubled Hugo or Gautier. Nor was this a matter for surprise or blame. Travel and discovery have always played a large part in romance. They import the fascination of the foreign and unfamiliar. This superadded charm for his romance the Romanticist sought in local colour. For the traveller finds a charm in a thousand things that have become commonplace for the native. As Ruskin said, the first glimpse of old Calais Church was an inspiration to the Briton from across the straits. All the novel sights and sounds and scents, the foreign tongue, the unfamiliar forms of familiar things, the native dress, the very names over the shop doors, are all part of the intoxication of travel, and beguile the traveller's progress with the witchery of romance.

Nor till our own day has much point been made of first-hand observation in the foreign descriptions of imaginative writers. Even the travel-book was allowed a large licence for picturesque effect. The most famous travel-book of the Middle Ages was a bare-faced compilation, nor have travellers' tales yet altogether outgrown their reputation for being apocryphal. Indeed, in imaginative descriptions, the less the writer's personal knowledge, the greater, it was held, was the triumph of the imagination. When Tom Moore com-

placently retailed the compliments he had been paid on his descriptions of Cashmere in *Lalla Rookh*, the very point he was proud of was that he had never set foot in the East. Such, too, was Harriet Martineau's boast about her *Feats on the Fjords*, from which many of us derived our first and not least fruitful impressions of Norway. Neither Shakespeare nor, so far as we know, the poet of the *Odyssey* was himself a traveller, though both manifestly drank in with gusto the splendid tales of the bold mariners of their respective epochs. De Foe, we know, was content to convey the local colour of Juan Fernandez from Dampier's description and Alexander Selkirk's talk; and Crusoe's island is, with Phaeacia and Perdita's island, beyond criticism in the geography of romance.

Perhaps this easy-going kind could not be expected to survive an epoch of steam, electricity, Cook's tours, and world-wide colonization. When a critic complained that *The Story of an African Farm* had no lions in it, Miss Schreiner scornfully retorted that that sort of African romance was best written in Piccadilly. To escape these taunts our modern home-bred novelists have been driven to travel to cram their local colour for the occasion. In pre-war days, the press teemed with paragraphs of "literary gossip," telling a philistine world how one popular novelist was in Iceland studying the local colour for his next "Saga"; or another was yachting in the Mediterranean to lay in local

colour for his forthcoming Biblical romance. One ingenious writer actually deducted from his income-tax assessment the travelling expenses incurred in procuring local colour, and Somerset House, aghast, asked how the King's Government was to be carried on. I am sceptical about the value of local colour crammed for the occasion. Without genius and imagination, camera and notebook are of no avail; with genius and imagination, a hint of Hakluyt or Humboldt will bear fruit a hundred-fold.

Happily we are not yet reduced to local colour crammed for the occasion. We have a splendid range of romance where the local colour is as authentic as the romance. If you have outlived the vogue of Byron's Zuleikas, there is Loti with his sailor licence of loves in every latitude where the French navy sailed. If you have outgrown the Orientalism of Moore and Southey, there was even in their own day Morier, of whose *Hajji Baba* one of the greatest living authorities on Persia has said that, as a faithful picture of the living East as distinguished from the purely imaginary East of Moore and Southey, it has no rival. "Take an English saddle, and *Hajji Baba*," is the traditional and still valid advice to those about to travel in that region. When Dr. Charles James Wills was first starting for the "land of the Lion and the Sun," a friend gave him the book, and told him that when he had read it he would know more of Persia and the Persians than if he

had lived there with his eyes open for twenty years. And after Wills had had that length of actual experience, he confessed that he still read *Hajji Baba* and still found something to learn from it.

What Morier did for Persia, Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall is doing for Egypt and Syria to-day; and how many an Anglo-Indian has spent half his life in India without realizing a quarter so much of its colour and spirit and romance as Mr. Kipling's readers by their own firesides! If you are weary of pavements and civilization, there is Mr. Cunninghame Graham to go galloping with in the full-blooded life and unspoilt romance of Spanish America. Then there is Mr. Conrad. Mr. Conrad is as much at home geographically at the outposts of civilization as he is psychologically amid the mixed motives of a perplexed and perplexing humanity. To read him is to add the charm of travel to the charm of romance; not only to realize the wild hazards and wilder domesticities of exiles, outcasts, and forlorn hopes, but at the same time to explore their most remote and alien haunts with more than the thrill of personal experience.

For, after all, the romanticists had right on their side when they chose that their local colour should be foreign colour. The local colour of Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Five Towns* may be even more accurate than Mr. Conrad's or Mr. Kipling's, but it is not quite the same thing. Crusoe's

island would never have been Crusoe's island if it had lain just off the mouth of the Thames. Listen to Mr. Conrad himself. "It was in 1868, when nine years old or thereabouts, that, while looking at a map of Africa of the time and putting my finger on the blank space then representing the unsolved mystery of that continent, I said to myself with absolute assurance and an amazing audacity which are no longer in my character now: 'When I grow up, I shall go *there*.'" The romance of travel. The lure of the map.

The Old Three-Decker

I SUPPOSE the younger novel-readers of to-day hardly remember the three-volumed novel, and still fewer probably could readily imagine that the change of form from three volumes to one, and of price from 31s. 6d. to the pre-war 6s., was in its day regarded as a literary revolution. We have such weighty issues to decide to-day, such mighty events to sway our passions and move our hearts, that it may be a little difficult for people now to realize that twenty years ago the part of the world that concerns itself with books was, as a matter of historic fact, gravely agitated by the discussion whether novels should be in three volumes or one. It was a real faction fight. The reading, writing, and publishing folk eagerly took sides one way or the other. To find a precedent, one has to go to Knickerbocker's *History of New York* and read how the New Netherlanders were rent into factions by the famous feud of the Long Pipes and the Short Pipes.

In the New Netherlands the trouble began with the edict of William the Testy forbidding the use of tobacco. The too eager reformer railed at it as a noxious weed, and denounced smoking

as a heavy tax upon the public pocket, a vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people—charges the like of which popular fiction has had to endure in its day. Now the pipe was the constant companion of the New Netherlander. Was he gay, says Knickerbocker, he smoked; was he sad, he smoked. Take away his pipe? You might as well take away his nose. Therefore the people rose as one man to resist the edict, and sitting down before the Governor's house, armed with pipes and tobacco boxes, relentlessly smoked the reformer into submission. William gave in sulkily, and, beaten in his main object, persisted in prohibiting the fair long pipes used in the day of Wouter van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment, and endeavoured in place thereof to substitute little captious short pipes. Thence the schism that tore the land asunder. The rich and self-important burghers who had made their fortunes and could afford to be lazy, adhering to the ancient fashion, formed a kind of aristocracy known as the Long Pipes; while the lower orders, adopting the new fashion as more convenient in the business of life, were branded with the plebeian name of Short Pipes.

We used to hear from time to time a good deal of grumbling over the proportion of fiction to other literature read at free libraries, but no new Plato has arisen bold enough to banish novels

altogether from the republic. The question twenty years ago was only whether they were to be in one volume or three; whether, in fact, we were to be allowed to smoke our enchanted tobacco in the fair long pipes of the Golden Age, or to be restricted to the short captious pipes of William the Testy. But the odd thing was, that the attack on the three volumes did not come from a reformer. It came from an unexpected quarter. The blow was delivered by the circulating libraries. Now, any prophet would have prophesied that the circulating library and the three-volumed novel would swim or sink together. Throughout their history the fortune of the novel in many volumes and of the circulating libraries had been bound up the one with the other. They were in many volumes, you may be sure—perhaps Mr. Austin Dobson could tell precisely how many—those novels for which Lydia Languish's maid searched all the circulating libraries in Bath—*The Fatal Connexion*, and *The Delicate Distress*, and *The Mistakes of the Heart*, which Mr. Bull had given to Miss Sukey Saunter a moment before Miss Languish's messenger arrived. The copy of *Peregrine Pickle* which she took was no doubt in the familiar four duodecimo volumes that might well be slipped into Miss Lucy's chaste pockets; and of *The Sentimental Journey* she only got the second volume. Yet if *The Tears of Sensibility* and *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* and the rest were all in many volumes,

they would require a capacious cloak to cover them, and it was little wonder that Sir Anthony Absolute caught sight of the incriminating volumes with marble covers. *The Innocent Adultery* was so easily popped into *The Whole Duty of Man* when Mrs. Malaprop appeared that it may possibly have been in a single volume.

But for the eighteenth century three volumes spelt brevity; readers of romance were accustomed to their six, eight, and ten volumes, and still grudged each page as it passed. By the nineteenth, however, the three volumes had become established. When Mr. Arthur Pendennis was putting *Walter Lorraine* into shape for Bacon (or was it Bungay?), the only choice of form open to him lay between three volumes or twenty shilling numbers. It was an intoxicating succession of three volumes from the Clavering library which made Madame Frisby so absurdly sentimental that in her eyes life became nothing but an immense love-match. And it was in three volumes that poor little Fanny Bolton got her romances from Miss Minifers, who kept a circulating library as well as a school and small brandy-ball and millinery business—those darling greasy volumes which prepared Fanny's little fluttering foolish heart for the coming of Prince Pen. A whole sovereign had Mrs. Bolton to pay ransom to the "libery" to secure *Walter Lorraine* for Fanny. The community of interests between the libraries and the three volumes is simple to see. Except

the libraries, there were precious few purchasers at first hand for the new novel in three volumes; it was the prohibitive price of 31s. 6d. that gave the libraries their monopoly.

It was odd, then, that the attack should have come from the libraries, and hardly less odd that the attack should have been supported, as it was, by the Society of Authors. For if there was a class besides the libraries in whose favour the system of three volumes was supposed to operate, it was the general run of novelists and the beginner; and it was precisely the general run of novelists, and perhaps particularly the beginner, whose interests the Society was supposed to have most nearly at heart. That the young novelist had in fact a better chance under the library and three-volume system was admitted by the *Author* and demonstrated by figures. Yet the Society passed in solemn form a resolution condemning the system: that "its disadvantages to the authors and to the public far outweighed its advantages, and that for the convenience of the public as well as for the widest circulation of a novel, it was desirable that the artificial form of edition produced for a small body of readers only be now abandoned, and that the whole of the reading public should be placed in possession of the work at a moderate price." This resolution, it was affirmed, was desired and even demanded by all the novelists in the Society with but one single exception. Strange that it should have been so. When Carlyle heard

of young Honourables and Lords voting in favour of the Reform Bill, it reminded him of the Irish carpenter astride on a plank stuck out of a sixth-floor window and merrily sawing it through for a wager.

If, indeed, the whole of the reading public could in fact be "placed in possession" of a new novel even at a moderate price, well were it with the author and happy might he be. But this golden dream hardly takes account enough of the obstinate disinclination of the average man to spend money on books. If he cannot beg or borrow a book, your ordinary Briton will go without it. He would rather steal it than buy it. And at the best, how many of the new novels could any man buy? Novels are published in England at the rate of three for every day in the week and four for Sundays. Of these, by means of the libraries the most indefatigable reader may for a guinea or two read as many as he wishes, and in addition peruse the current books of biography, anecdote, and travel, and decorate his table with an occasional volume of verse. And by the same means he is enabled to keep his shelves tolerably free from ephemeral matter. If he could not borrow, how many could he or would he buy? I don't suppose the change from 31s. 6d. to 6s. materially increased the sales of novels, though no doubt it enabled the libraries to stock a larger number.

Whether, however, the policy of the libraries and of the Society of Authors was from the point

of view of their own interests wise or unwise, it was unquestionably effectual. The three-volumed novel disappeared at once and for ever. Occasional efforts have been made since to revive the form in exceptional cases, but with no success. The three volumes are as extinct as the dodo. The extinction was even more immediate and complete than the Society of Authors had looked for. "There will still be a demand," wrote the *Author* when advocating the change, "especially among sick people, for that form of reading which demands no thought and not much attention; which diverts the mind without fatigue; which transports the reader to another and more pleasant atmosphere with a book easy to hold, light, and in large print. It is not a highly dignified function," it continued, "to amuse the weakened in mind and body by illness, but it is at all events useful."

Ah, well! there are more highly dignified functions that could be better spared. How many dignified functionaries can be sure that their presence would bring cheerfulness into a sick-chamber? Those who can, may go to their account with an easy conscience. When Thackeray was prostrated for a day every now and again with an ague that troubled him, he read novels, he tells us, with the most fearful contentment of mind. Disraeli told a young lady that when he wanted a good novel he wrote one. That was not Thackeray's way. Once on the Mississippi it was, he said, his dearly beloved *Jacob Faithful*;

once at Frankfort-on-Main, the delightful *Vingt ans après* of Monsieur Dumas; once at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling *Woman in White*. "I remember those ague fits," he tells us, "with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed and a good novel for a companion! No cares, no remorse about idleness, no visitors, and the Woman in White or the Chevalier d'Artagnan to tell me stories from morning to night." "Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?" Nay, when Thackeray came on a friend in the club asleep over one of his own novels, he claimed his gratitude. When a writer gave you a sweet soothing harmless sleep, had he not done you a kindness? he asked; and the author who excited and interested you deserved your benediction.

The *Author*'s assumption, however, that the three-volumed novel was only or particularly welcome in the sick-room is contrary to fact and experience. The sick may have found in them some relief from suffering. But, after all, there were no keener devourers of the old three novels than the shrewd lawyer, the self-sacrificing physician, the hard-pushed politician, the hard-worked man of business. It is in novels that such men forget, for an hour or two, their clients and their patients, their bad debts and bad bills, and relieve the overstrain of a too continuous tension. Young again by the spell of romance, they go a love-making with the lassies, or treasure-hunting

with fascinating pirates, or tracking crime with the most delicious detectives. To cheer the sick, to find an anodyne for the suffering, to refresh the weary, to bring distraction from care and recreation for the exhausted—whether or not it be a dignified function, is assuredly a most beneficent one. All this, however, has been much better said by Mr. Kipling in his pleasant and pious verses on "The Three-Decker" that was "taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest." The verses were published anonymously in the *Saturday Review* just when the fight for and against the three volumes was at its fiercest. It was a graceful salute to the old Three-Decker from one of the smartest of the more modern craft.

I hardly know, by the way, why "three volumed" should have come to be the favourite epithet of disparagement, seeing that nearly all the great novels of the nineteenth century from Scott down have been in three volumes. Somehow the poor three-volumed novel seemed to have inherited all the obloquy which once was the portion of fiction at large. Time was when critics and censors railed at all novels as William the Testy railed at tobacco. They were a vast consumer of time, a great encourager of idleness, and a bane to the morals of their readers. Sir Anthony Absolute, who described them as the fruit of an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge, was perhaps too much of a martinet for his opinion to be accepted as typical; but we may judge of the

once general orthodox disdain and disapprobation of novels by Jane Austen's indignant defence of her craft in *Northanger Abbey*. Although the productions of novelists have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world, no species of composition, she complained, had been so decried. From pride, ignorance, or fashion, their foes were almost as many as their readers; and while the abilities of the nine hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collected and published in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior with a paper from the *Spectator* and a chapter from Sterne, were eulogized by a thousand pens, there seemed almost a general wish to decry the capacity and undervalue the labour of the novelist, and to slight the performances which had only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. "I am no novel-reader; I seldom look into novels; do not imagine that I often read novels; it is really very well for a novel—such was the common cant." Thus the incomparable Jane.

When Zachary Macaulay was editor of the *Christian Observer* he received an anonymous contribution defending works of fiction and eulogizing Fielding and Smollett. Himself one of the straitest of the Clapham sect, he did not personally approve of novel-reading; nevertheless, unaware that the author was his own son Tom, he was rash enough to print the article.

Never was such commotion among subscribers. Violent objurgations poured in upon the impious editor. One gentleman informed the public that he had committed the obnoxious number to the flames and should cease to take in the magazine. This was the young Macaulay's first work in print, but it was not by any means the last time that he felt compelled to undertake with his pen the defence of fiction. Zachary Macaulay, notwithstanding his private scruples, lived, says Sir George Trevelyan, to see himself the head of a family in which novels were more read and better remembered than in any household in the United Kingdom. Many a time had the essayist and historian to take up the cudgel for his beloved novelists from the day that he had to defend himself to his father against the charge of being called at Cambridge "the novel-reading Macaulay," until he accomplished his expressed wish to make history as interesting as fiction.

Such days of her minority no doubt fiction has handsomely outgrown. In later days novels have been puffed by Prime Ministers on post-cards. The sheaves of her literary elders have bowed before her sheaf; till at last, as Lady Paramount of literature, she has indulged imperial longings to annex the domains of her more venerable sisters. "There was no department of life," cried Mr. H. G. Wells the other day, defiantly and a little shrilly, "there was no

problem, divine, human, or infernal, from which the novelist of the future would be warned off."

The worst of it is that with so many fish to fry, with religion to set right and society to reorganize, my Lady sometimes too much disdains the part she came into the world to play of interesting and pleasing. Carlyle no doubt had reproached her with the unworthiness of this rôle. The Waverley Novels themselves he condemned out of hand as having only the poor aim of harmlessly amusing indolent languid people. Not profitable, he cried, not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, or for edification. Well, some critics have seen in the Waverley Novels the source of some of the most fruitful and edifying movements of the nineteenth century—Pugin's movement, Newman's movement, Ruskin's movement, our new schools of history, all acknowledged their indebtedness to the Waverley Novels. Nay, where would the author of *Past and Present* himself have been but for the influences that the Waverley Novels set stirring? Besides, we cannot all be prophets with fires in our bellies: nor are these same prophets always very comfortable people to have about the house with one. One young critic actually pronounced the mission of the new fiction to be the awaking of a divine discontent with things as they are. Well, sometimes we are only too grateful to be made to forget the things that are in a divine content with things as they are not; or even,

like Thackeray, to fall back on the old three volumes from the circulating library all about "the agonies of Louisa on parting with the Captain, or the atrocious behaviour of the wicked Marquis to the Lady Emily." Thackeray, indeed, himself once complained, as many lesser men and women have done after him, that since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried no writer of fiction among us had been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man. Well, if some of our later novelists have failed to surpass *Tom Jones*, it has at least scarcely been from any scruple of modesty or undue respect to Mrs. Grundy.

But, after all, the busy men who do the work of the world, and have little to learn of the wickedness of the world, are none so anxious to have the veiling of romance stripped from that poor forked radish, man; nor when the new lady novelist avails herself of the recent licence to depict to her utmost power a woman, are they so particularly grateful to find in place of the old-fashioned heroine a little higher than the angels, the female animal rather lower than the beasts. Sentimental, you think? No, I don't think it is these men who are sentimental in any ill sense. And if Madame Frisby and Fanny Bolton did grow somewhat sentimental over their three volumes, perhaps there was no great harm done. Flirting was in little Miss Fanny's marrow, as Master Sam Huxter learned to his distraction. *Être soul au monde*

est bien onueeyong, as Madame Frisby used to say, and without her beloved three volumes her life and Fanny's would have been drearier than they were. When the French cook was persecuted by the village urchins, Madame Frisby was his good Samaritan; and Fanny Bolton gave her savings to the Chevalier Strong in his hour of need. These are no bad fruits of the romantic disposition.

Moreover, popular fiction is a somewhat risky guide to social and moral reform, and level-headed citizens would prefer to have recourse to counsellors of more practical experience and more disinterested judgment. The modern problem novelist seems to me to occupy in modern thought something of the position held by the sophists in ancient Athens. The method is to test by hard cases—eloquently set forth with all the gifts of the novelist's imagination—the received maxims of morality and social usage. It is a process salutary enough for the conventional moralist, but affords a far from sufficient or trustworthy basis for the social and moral reformer.

Knickerbocker relates that the great Pipe Plot ended, as most plots and seditions, in mere smoke. This cannot quite be said of our Pipe Plot, because, as we have seen, the three-volumed novel was undoubtedly done to death. But what of the other changes that were to follow from the change of form? It was said that the

novel, which was a mere article of commerce protected by an artificial system, would cease to exist. In the single volume we were told there would be no room for padding. Native English prolixity would be controlled into a French grace and brevity. Our reformers made great play with the French example. As in Sterne's day, we were always being told how much better they ordered such matters in France. The single volume, it was pointed out, sufficed for French novelists of all sorts and conditions, where the most opulent imagination submitted itself to the limits of artistic form.

Well, I don't think any very startling reformation has been effected in the method and manner of popular fiction. The frivolous novels are as frivolous as ever, the foolish as foolish, the heavy as heavy, the long as lengthy. It cannot even be said that the padding has been squeezed out. Nay, the three volumes themselves have reappeared in an aggravated form. For whereas novelists used to be satisfied to give us single novels in three volumes, now they give us trilogies of three whole novels, and every one of the three as long as our old three-volumed friend.

And the irony of the situation is that for this fashion, too, French authority is quoted and a French example is responsible. Hardly had our censors ceased forcing on us their homilies on the artistic brevity of French

fiction, when, lo! a French novelist captures European fame with a novel in no fewer than ten volumes. And just as M. Romain Rolland traced in his ten volumes every phase of Jean Christophe's evolution, mental, moral, and artistic, from his childhood on, so Mr. Compton Mackenzie took two whole novels, each as long as three or four of M. Rolland's volumes, to bring the hero of Sinister Street through his school and college days, leaving him still only on the threshold of that maturity which was to be unfolded in succeeding novels; so Mr. Arnold Bennett found three long novels necessary to present the various facets of the common pottery clay of Mr. Richard Clayhanger and Miss Hilda Lessways. Fashions in fiction are like fashions in frocks, now rigid and rational, now all frills, flounces, and furbelows, and *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.*

By the way, let me not be understood to imply that Mr. Bennett or Mr. Mackenzie draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. The master to-day, as always, adopts the form that his material and method demand. The big bulk of the *Comédie Humaine* is as appropriate as the brevity of Mérimée or Maupassant. Dickens calls for compression as little as Bret Harte for expansion. If I were a smoker, I should smoke short pipes or long pipes according to my taste and according to my tobacco.

Odysseys Old and New

TRAVEL and Romance have much to say to each other. "Over the hills and far away" was Henley's refrain for his little lyric on "Romance"; and from Ulysses and Sindbad to Robinson Crusoe, to Don Quixote to Pickwick, in *Gulliver* or *The Pilgrim's Progress,* vagrancy has ever been an element in romance. It was with the *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold* that Byron awoke to find himself famous. It was a tour amid the Alps that woke the true genius of Shelley. It was on a walking tour and because Wordsworth had been reading Shelvocke's *Voyage* that the idea of the *Ancient Mariner* was suggested to Coleridge. Keats, till he was taken to Italy to die, had with his narrow means and precarious health only scanty chance to travel, but he had the heart of the traveller. "I have many reasons," he wrote to Reynolds, "for going wonderways, to make my winter chair free from the spleen, to enlarge my vision. I'll have leather buttons and belt, and over the hills we'll go. If my books will help me to it, then will I take all Europe in turn and see the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them." From his walking tour in Scotland, the

one chance he got and made so much of, he wrote: "You would lift your eyes from Homer only to see close before you the real isle of Tenedos." One of the passages that Keats and Cowden Clarke first read together in Chapman's translation of Homer was the shipwreck of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, and Cowden Clarke records how much moved Keats was by the phrase, "The Sea had soaked his heart through." The *Odyssey* is the prelude to all the literature of travel. There rests on the poem eternally the light and freshness of the dawn.

> So gladly from the songs of modern speech
> Men turn . . .
> To . . . hear like Ocean on a Western Beach
> The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

Borrowing from the *Odyssey*, Tennyson takes Ulysses for the very type of the passion of travel.

> I cannot rest from travel.
> For ever roaming with a hungry heart
> Much have I seen and known.
> . . . . My purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
> Of all the Western Stars until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

For this ancient world all travel was romance. Primitive geography was ringed round with concentric circles of mystery. The ancient mariner might chance on Siren or Cyclops even in Grecian seas, and a few days' sail in the good ship

Argo carried him clean out of the light of common day. "Experience," said Tennyson's Ulysses, was "an arch where thro' gleamed the untravelled world." The gleam can never die from 'the untravelled world,' but the untravelled world has been shrinking ever since. Phœnician commerce, Greek colonies, Roman roads, knit together the ends of the ancient world. Already for Tacitus, who had for father-in-law a Governor of Britain, the German wild was matter for political edification, and, like an earlier Rousseau, he held before the Roman decadent the ideal of the simple life and the noble savage. Then came the turn of the barbarians to invade the Empire, and the romance was the other way about. To the warrior from the German forest or Scythian steppe, the romance lay in the revelation of civilized magnificence and the glow of the South, in the splendour of Micklegarth and the immemorial majesty of Rome. It haunted his imagination, and reappeared in Gothic romance in visions of Valhalla.

It is a pity the tale of discovery is usually from the civilized side. "What Captain Cook thought of the Maori," says the author of *The Long White Cloud* (that is the pretty poetical native name of New Zealand), "is a commonplace of New Zealand literature. What the Maori thought of Captain Cook is less widely known." In this case, as it happens, some record remains. A native who was a lad of eight when the *Endeavour* put into

Mercury Bay told the tale nearly ninety years later to Governor Winyard. The natives had taken the strange apparition of the ship on that unvisited shore for a great white-winged bird, and the pinnace for its young. The crew they recognized at once for goblins because they rowed with their backs to the shore, and it was well known that only goblins had eyes in the backs of their heads. Moreover, when one of them held forth his staff, there followed lightning and thunder, and a cormorant fell dead from his perch. The Indians took Pizarro's horsemen for centaurs, and were so amazed to see the creatures break asunder when the men dismounted that they fell back dazed before the Spanish attack. The Cubans, on the other hand, believed that Columbus's men had come from heaven in their winged ships and reverenced them accordingly, kissing their hands and feet. Many tales of civilized travellers about the natives, it may be suspected, contain no less guesswork nor better logic, and there are probably some shaky foundations under the imposing edifice of modern anthropology.

We can only infer the feelings of the barbarians at first sight of such a city as Constantinople, adorned by Constantine with all the wealth and art of Greece and Rome. There is just the reported saying of Athanaric to Theodosius which Charles Kingsley elaborated in his *Ballad of the Baltungs*. When the Kaiser of Micklegarth displayed the marvels of Byzantine civilization, the

old Goth, like the Queen of Sheba, with no spirit left in him, could only murmur:

> "Woden in Valhalla,
> But thou on Earth art God."

We have, by the way, a vivid account by a contemporary eye-witness, the chronicler Villehardouin, of the impression made by Constantinople on the Crusaders as late as the thirteenth century. "Well, you may understand how they stared at Constantinople, those who had never seen it, for they could not have imagined that there could be in the whole world a city so rich, when they saw those lofty walls and rich towers wherewith it was enclosed right round, and those gorgeous palaces and towering churches so many in number that nobody could believe it who did not see it with his own eyes; and the length and breadth of the city which was sovereign among all the cities of the world. You may well believe that the sight made the flesh of the boldest creep." If such was the impression made on knights and squires who had known something of Norman castle and cathedral, we may imagine the feelings of the barbarians fresh from their palisaded camps and wattled homes.

From the time of the *Odyssey*, I said, the untravelled world has been shrinking. But till after the Crusades it shrank very slowly. Then of a sudden on the heels of the Crusades came the great epoch of discovery with its culminating

revelation of the New World. The new realities beggared the old romance. When Alexander the Great sighed for more worlds to conquer, his world was bounded by the Indies and the Adriatic. The bounds of empire now were the Atlantic and the Pacific. There was not a fisher lad in Devon in the spacious days of Queen Bess who could not see marvels and taste experiences clean beyond the conception of Ulysses, whose Happy Isles lay somewhere just beyond the Pillars of Hercules. For if to Spain Columbus brought empire and treasure, he brought for England adventure and romance, Raleigh's Eldorado, and the magic isle of Ferdinand and Miranda.

But from Columbus's day to our own the untravelled world has been shrinking like Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin* from the lust of exploration. Stage by stage the New World has been explored and exploited. Cortez and Pizarro enriched Spain with silver and gold, and romance with the tragic tale of the Inca and Aztec. Farther north Jacques Cartier and La Salle planted the Cross, and the Lilies of France, on the gulf of the St. Lawrence and in the basin of the Mississippi. The stories live afresh in the pages of Prescott and Parkman. Stage by stage the new oceans were charted and their shores and islands made known. In Polar seas, Frobisher, John Davis, Baffin, and Hudson were forerunners of a famous following, not to end with that sad *Last Voyage of the "Discovery."* After the Elizabethan sea-dogs came

the buccaneers, with Dampier and Woodes Roger, and the real romance of Robinson Crusoe; then the splendid story of Anson with Commodore John Byron's Patagonian episode and the wreck of the *Wager*, which gave a later and still more famous Byron hints for the shipwreck in *Don Juan*; then the achievement of Captain Cook, who finished what Tasman began and revealed the true bounds of Don Pedro Fernandes de Quiros's mythical "Australia del Espiritu Santo."

Meanwhile untravelled Asia was shrinking no less continuously than untravelled America or the unnavigated ocean. The fashion was set by the devoted Franciscans, whom the Pope and St. Louis sent to convert the great Khan, and they in turn were followed by a line of Jesuit missionary explorers, among them the men who made the great map of China for Kang Hi, and Huc and Gabet, who for a while unveiled Lhasa half a century before Sir Francis Younghusband; and, besides the missionaries, went explorers of all kinds, merchants, soldiers, geographers, and archæologists, down to General Przhejvalski, Sven Hedin, and Aurel Stein, among whom let us not forget Sir Francis Younghusband himself, or Captain Gill, who gave us that delightful book *The River of Golden Sand*.

In Africa alone the darkness not only lingered but deepened. A wealthy and learned Roman province had relapsed into barbarism and mystery. In Abyssinia, as in Asia and America, the Jesuits

were active, but the knowledge acquired by Paez, Mendez, and Dr. Johnson's Father Lobo was neglected by the geographers, and effective African exploration only began again at the end of the eighteenth century with the finely contrasted pair of Scotsmen, the perfervid Bruce and the heroically patient Mungo Park. "Geographers," said Swift,

> "in Afric's maps,
> With savage pictures filled the gaps,
> And o'er unhabitable downs
> Placed elephants for want of towns."

I remember as a child myself the map of Africa as, but for an intermittent fringe upon the coast, a beautiful blank of romantic possibilities. Then, when I was in the nursery, light was let in on this dark continent by the courage and devotion of David Livingstone, and the light was spread by the spirited adventures of Burton, Speke, Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker. It was left to Stanley to rediscover the Pygmies of Herodotus, and though the ancients were well aware that the Nile rose in the Mountains of the Moon, no eye of all the modern explorers of its sources caught a glimpse of the snowy summit of Ruwenzori till a native lad, in 1888, directed Stanley's glance to the "mountains covered with salt."

Happily for us on whom the ends of the world are come, the exhilaration of discovery lives in the books of these men and men like them. The

literature of exploration remains as invigorating as it has become voluminous. Unhappily no such thrill of geographical revelation is left for the future. Unless in the air or under the sea, there remain no new worlds to conquer. Not even the Poles retain their mystery. The Royal Geographical Society has played its part too well. If Ulysses were alive to-day, the disillusion of his old age would have lacked its final consolation. There should have been a Society for the Preservation of Open Spaces for the Imagination. "Native States," says Mr. Kipling, "were created by Providence in order to supply picturesque scenery, tigers, and tall-writing. There are dark places of the earth full of unimaginable cruelty, touching the railway and the telegraph on one side and on the other the days of Haroun-al-Raschid." Even into these a British Resident is liable to let in a wholesome unromantic light. Kafiristan was still a land of mystery when Mr. Kipling gave us his fine yarn of "The Man who would be King"; and what did we know of Tibet when we first knew Kim? Since the Jesuit missionaries lifted the veil the darkness had closed down once more. But Lhasa has been unveiled again, and only the other day the doings of Dalai Lama were on every lip.

It is more than three hundred years since the British sailor William Adams "stranded upon the coasts of Bungo" became, like Joseph, a favourite at an alien court and a link between

mysterious Japan and the Western world. It is very nearly two hundred years since Englebert Kaempfer wrote his famous *History of Japan*. Yet what was really known about Japan a generation or two ago? Now, as her Minister wittily and cruelly remarked a few years ago, Japan has slaughtered half a million men and has been admitted on equal terms into the communion of the civilized powers. Everywhere the railway and telegraph are gaining. There is a railway across Siberia; and I suppose one may almost telephone from the Cape to Cairo; Menelik kept inviolate the mountains of Rasselas, but we have been complimented by the Duke of the Abruzzi on carrying civilization to the very foot of the Mountains of the Moon.

The beauty of travel, however, is that every true traveller is a pioneer. Adventures are to the adventurous and discovery for the discoverer. One may go pioneering in familiar scenes and find primitive conditions in the twentieth century. You have only to travel with Mr. Stephen Graham's Russian pilgrims to realize how little are pilgrimages a thing of the past and how much their spirit remains the same. To read Mr. Doughty's great book of *Travels in Arabia Deserta* is to go a-pioneering in primitive pastoral conditions and to rediscover the accent and atmosphere of the Book of Genesis. What mystery again was better hidden or what secrets better kept than those that Burton went to un-

riddle when he ventured his pilgrimage to Al Medineh and Mecca disguised as an Afghan physician? Or when Arminius Vambery succeeded in reaching Bokhara disguised as a dervish? Or what adventure more hazardous? Death lay in wait for every chance betrayal of the Westerner by slip of look or tongue or habit. Not that the danger is always the severest trial. What Vambery dreaded most was the hospitality, when the Khan as a special mark of favour took huge gobbets of fat out of the swimming mess to put them with his own dirty fingers into Vambery's mouth. After all, this was not so bad an experience as that of poor Captain Cook, when he had to swallow putrid hog that had already been chewed by the thoughtful Indian chief to make it tender. Or you may remember in Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva* how the worst was when he was shaved by a native barber in front of an excited native mob with a shred of steel which gashed him handsomely and tore out more hair than it cut.

Besides, discoveries are of all kinds. When Robert Curzon wrote his fascinating book on *Monasteries in the Levant*, it was a new world to Western readers; and, in our own day, Mr. Hogarth, the *Wandering Scholar in the Levant*, has charmed us with another book of sporting archæology. One fine day Layard rediscovered Nineveh; another, Theodore Bent found a buried civilization in Mashonaland; while Messrs. Spencer and Gillen revealed the Stone Age still surviving

in Central Australia. Schliemann rediscovered Troy, and we have watched with our own eyes the resurrection of pre-Homeric Crete. Then there is the literature of discovery in natural history—Bates, Wallace, Darwin, and the rest. Darwin and Wallace opened, as much as Columbus, new horizons for the spirit. To make friends with Charles Waterton—a true north country original—and to go about with him observing the fauna of South America, is a continual feast of fun and enjoyment ; nor, in any adventure for adventure's sake, will you find a keener zest or more infectious high spirits than Mary Kingsley carried to her quest among the pests of West Africa.

Besides, it is reassuring to reflect how near to their own boundaries the nations have found a playground for their fancy. What romance there has been for ourselves in the native quarters of Mr. Kipling's India, so near to the Englishman and yet so remote ! Till the very eve of the war the Balkan States, while they afforded scope to Miss Durham for real adventure and discovery, were for the circulating libraries a mystery land of Ruritanian romance. Only a hundred years ago Scotland was for England the very home of romance. For our great-grandparents there was the excitement of revelation as well as the charm of fiction in the Waverley Novels. In the days of Rob Roy, Aberfoyle was for the average Englishman as remote as Abyssinia. When Boswell beguiled Dr. Johnson to go with him for a tour in Scotland,

it is easy to see that the Sage regarded it, in the language of Peter Pan, as an awfully big adventure. The figure of the philosopher making benignant allowance for the savagery of nature in the West Highlands remains a delightful monument on the dividing line between eighteenth and nineteenth century sentiment. So for the French romantics less than a century ago Spain was the land of romance. The ideal castle that the Englishman builds in the air the Frenchman finds in Spain. Over the Pyrenees the Frenchman thought himself in fairyland; and, indeed, the Pyrenees make a very fitting frontier for fairyland. So for the great medieval Kaisers there was a fatal glamour in sunny Italy beyond the Alps.

In classical times Thessaly was the land of witchcraft and diablerie. Nobody will forget it who has read the *Golden Ass* either in the difficult Latin of Apuleius or the pleasant Tudor English of Adlington. The moment the reader is over the Thessalian border he is in an atmosphere of phantoms and illusions. The hero, a visitor from neighbouring Attica, even before he was transformed into an ass saw in every bird and beast, nay, in the very stocks and stones, a human being metamorphosed by magic art or malice.

For the end of exploration and discovery is not the end of travel or romance. After all its constellations of islands had been marked on the map of the Pacific, there was still much for the Earl

and the Doctor to learn, for Herman Melville, for Louis Stevenson, to learn and to tell us. Spain was scarcely an undiscovered country in the eighteenth century, yet Johnson wanted Boswell to explore it. "There is, sir," he said, "a good deal of Spain that has not been perambulated. I would have you go thither. A man of inferior talents to yours may furnish us with useful observations on that country." And Richard Ford himself said a century later that Spain abounded with tracts perfectly unknown to the Geographical Society, with fresh ground open to all, scenery to fill a dozen portfolios, subjects enough for a score of quartos, flowers pining unbotanized, rocks hardening ungeologized, bears and deer to be stalked, trout to be caught and eaten, valleys expanding their bosoms to embrace the visitors, and *terra incognita* enough to enable a member of the Travellers' Club to exchange the boredom of Pall Mall for the glory of a Mungo Park. Even about overwritten, over-Byronized, over-Ruskinized Venice, Horatio Brown found so much that was fresh to say that Stevenson sent him a little poem of gratitude from his sick-chamber.

> despite my frowning fate,
> It did my soul so recreate,
> That all my fancies sped away
> On a Venetian holiday.

Nay, Tennyson, who knew his *Odyssey*, was so delighted with Edward Lear's book of *Travels in Greece*, that he, too, put his thanks into

verse. "I read," he wrote, "and felt that I was there;

> "For trust me, as I turned the page
> And track'd you still in classic ground,
> I grew in gladness till I found
> My spirits in the Golden Age."

John Mill once fell into a fit of despondency upon reflecting that all possible combinations of the musical scale must soon be exhausted and there would be no new tunes. That was just about when Wagner was beginning his career. We need not be in a hurry to despair of new tunes in travel. So long as there is an eye to see, a heart to feel, and a tongue to describe, there will still be room for travel and travel books. Wherever there is piety there are places of pilgrimage, and wonderways to wander in wherever there is the will to explore. However exhaustively this earth of ours may be mapped, Romance will still creep in between the lines of latitude and longitude.

> What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales,
> Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
> Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
> And winds and shadows fall towards the West.
>
> And how beguile you? Death has no repose,
> Warmer and deeper than the Orient sand
> Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
> Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

In Excelsis

IT is within our own time almost that the high mountains have been discovered. People have always, in the Psalmist's phrase, lifted their eyes unto the hills from whence cometh their help. Yet it was left for prophets of the nineteenth century to interpret their secret and preach their power. Columbus discovered America long before anyone penetrated to the high places of those Alps which were within sight of his native Genoa. For nearly three centuries after Columbus, while all seas and lands were being searched by explorers, the silence and solitude still reigned a few thousand feet above the sea-level. After all, there is nothing surprising in this. The main lures for men are money and their fellow-men. There was neither gain nor society to be found on the snowclad mountain tops.

Mountains were just barriers to intercourse and trade. This made their difference from the sea. The Roman poet might talk of the separating and unsociable sea; but that was because the Romans were landsmen. They followed where their armies led. They were never a sea-trading and colonizing people like the Phœnicians and Greeks,

like the English and Dutch. Throughout history water has been a means of communication rather than of separation. But mountains are always and everywhere a barrier. Trade and conquest may take men over them or through them, but always through them rather than over them. The Brenner was the great inlet into Italy. Trade with Cathay drew men across the Pamirs, but the traders naturally left the Himalayan heights severely alone. When the great epoch of exploration set in in the fifteenth century, the motive forces were trade and religion; and there were neither gains to be got nor souls to be saved among the ice and snow of the high mountains.

True, there are other lures for chosen souls, such as adventure, knowledge, and beauty. But adventure must, after all, be in some cause. One speaks of adventure for adventure's sake, but one only means that it is the adventure that adds zest to the enterprise, whether the enterprise itself be love or war or sport or travel. Mountain adventure was mere madness till men had the eye for mountain scenery, or mountaineering became matter of exploration or sport. One theory of sport is that it is only doing for fun what our ancestors did in earnest of necessity. We hunt, shoot, and fish for fun where they did the like for food. Games are but a bloodless substitute for war. The Alps could not become "the playground of Europe" until population

had grown so crowded and communication so easy that their obstacles and solitudes attracted as they had once repelled. Nor at first sight did the barren heights seem to promise a profitable field for exploration or science.

But beauty at least there was, every modern reader will exclaim—beauty so dazzling, so inviting, so compelling, that no eye, however dull, could have been blind to it. That is the inevitable modern feeling. Since Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron, since Turner, since Ruskin, it is the first aspect of the mountains that strikes us, the deepest impression that endures.

> Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
> One of the mountains, each a mighty voice.

It is difficult to believe that mankind at any time could be deaf to the voice of the mountains any more than of the sea.

Yet it is an accepted commonplace that such is not the case, that the modern sentiment about mountains is of recent growth, dating, in fact, only from the romantic movement to which belonged the great names I have cited. The Alps which brought to John Ruskin the apocalyptic vision were described by James Howell, the author of the *Epistolæ Hoellianæ*, in the seventeenth century, as "high and horrid and disfigured by snow." Picture the dazzling dreamlike vision of the snow-peaks of the Oberland from Berne, or of the Weisshorn from the Gornergrat,

or of Monte Rosa, "so faintly flushed, so phantom fair," from Milan, and ponder on those three simple words—"disfigured by snow." Yet this was the deliberate judgment of the Baedeker of his age, of the man considered specially qualified to compile instructions for foreign travel for his generation.

Take, again, John Evelyn, the diarist. Evelyn was not only a cultivated man, interested in every scientific and artistic novelty, he was a great lover of nature. He was a famous landscape gardener, and our early authority on forestry. And this is what he says about the Alps. He said it was as if Nature had swept up the rubbish of the earth to clear and form the plain of Lombardy. The great Humbo dt observes that no description of the eternal snows of tne Alps, when tinged in the morning or evening with a rosy hue, or of the beauty of the blue glacier ice, or of any part of the grandeur of the scenery of Switzerland, has reached us from the ancients, although statesmen and generals, with men of letters in their train, were constantly passing through Helvetia into Gaul. They only thought, he said, of complaining of the difficulties of the way; the romantic scenery never seems to have engaged their attention. It was as I have said. So long as the mountains were but difficulties in their way, poor human nature had neither the leisure nor the heart to see the beauties.

It is a commonplace to say that the Greeks

and Romans had no real feeling for nature. It is obvious, of course, that there is no Wordsworth or Ruskin in Greek or Latin literature. But that absence is not conclusive proof for the opinion. We do not talk of all we love, nor can you always safely infer non-existence from silence. Marco Polo lived a large part of his life in China, and went back with his fairy-tale of Chinese civilization to dazzle his fellow Venetians and Europeans. Yet he never mentioned the Great Wall, nor the drinking of tea, nor the small size of the ladies' feet.

Nor is the silence so complete as is sometimes suggested. It was the lines of Æschylus about the *astrogeitonas koruphas*—the summits near the stars—of the chained Prometheus that sent Mr. Douglas Freshfield to the Caucasus. Such a city poet as Horace not only loved his Sabine farm, but had an eye for the snowclad peak of Soracte. The similes and metaphors of Homer, the Œdipus at Colonos, and the opposite genius of Lucretius and Virgil testify to a true appreciation of the nature they knew. There was no Turner in the great age of Italian painting, but the backgrounds of Venetian and Umbrian pictures show keen enough perception of mountain form and colour, of the witchery and spell of Dolomite and Apennine scenery. Only, in their art the religious and human interest was supreme.

So for the classical poets nature was not a

theme in itself, except perhaps in Lucretius, and with him the motive was ethical, not æsthetic. The nature that comes into their poetry is the farm, the garden, and the smiling landscape surrounding civilization, just as was the case with ourselves in the eighteenth century. But they proved the impression the mountains made on them in another way. They throned their Gods on Olympus and their Muses on Helicon and Parnassus. Their mountains were "the home of Pan and the haunt of Apollo." Their sense of mountain beauty took form in their Oread nymphs. Echo was an Oread nymph. The Oreads were prettier fancies than some one heard of late at Wastdale Head or Grindelwald. Mythology is the poetry of primitive emotion So among the Hebrews the mountains were sanctuaries. This is the law of the House, says Ezekiel. Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be holy Behold, this is the law of the House. Moses went up unto God, and the Lord spake to him out of the mountain. Dean Stanley described the Israelites of the Exodus wandering under the jagged and coloured pinnacles of the Sinaitic peninsula as enclosed within a sanctuary of temples and pyramids not made with hands; and the Law was given in the thunders of Sinai.

Throughout the Bible the mountain is the symbol of divine steadfastness and strength. Shall the rock be moved out of his place? asked

Bildad the Shuhite, and the New Testament answered that not even that miracle was beyond the efficacy of faith. Everywhere in the Bible the mountain is the place apart for refuge or prayer. In the new dispensation there is the Mount of the Sermon and the Mount of Transfiguration. After the thunders of Sinai, the still voice of the Beatitudes on the Galilean hill-side.

What was religion in ancient Greece and Palestine, degenerated into superstition in the Middle Ages. The popular polytheism of medieval Christians peopled the mountains with presences not divine but diabolic. The natural horrors of precipice and avalanche were made more malignant by the indwelling of devils and dragons. There was something like scientific proof of the presence of dragons. Every one knew dragons existed. You might read about them in the bestiaries. Tradition was full of them. Christian saints had fought with them and overcome them. Yet nobody saw them—what more natural than that they should be hiding in the mountains. For the matter of that some people did see them. Peter the Third of Aragon saw a winged dragon when he ascended the Pic Canigou in the Pyrenees in the thirteenth century. We have the story from that most entertaining of medieval chroniclers, Fra Salimbene. When the nerves of Peter's companions failed them during the ascent, he finished the climb alone, and found a lake on

the top; and when he threw a stone into the lake, a horrible dragon of enormous size came out of it and began to fly about in the air, and to darken the air with its breath—*ex cujus flatu obtenebratus et obscuratus est aer.*

We find naturalists as late as the seventeenth century believing in dragons; and Professor Scheuchzer of Zurich, a man of science acclaimed by Tyndall as a pioneer in the theory of glaciers, who corresponded with our Royal Society and helped to spread the science of Isaac Newton, not only believed in dragons but set out the reasons for his faith, and brings the belief in dragons down right into the eighteenth century. Many people, no doubt, may have fancied that they had caught glimpses of dragons in the depths of the mountains, for the illustrations in Scheuchzer's works are enough to prove, as Mr. Clinton Dent shows in the Badminton Library, how readily the forms of glaciers caught from below amid mountain mists might be transformed by imagination into better dragons than one sees at Bayreuth. But whether the superstition was foolish, or merely false, the general dislike of mountains was not likely to be lessened by the chance of encountering dragons and devils among their other dangers and disagreeables.

Wordsworth maintained that there was no evidence of the modern feeling about mountains before Gray. Rousseau, in fact, began it; but in England it was the two Eton friends—Gray the

poet, and Horace Walpole the man of the world —who made scenery the fashion, together with ruins, ghosts, and Gothic architecture. Wordsworth allowed one exception in Thomas Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth.* Burnet's observations certainly show an appreciation of the impressiveness of mountain scenery; but a modern mountaineer like Sir Leslie Stephen will not have him among the elect. The claim of another apparent exception must certainly be disallowed.

The quaint Coryat of the "Crudities," in his eloquent apology for travel, pens a fine pæan to the mountains. "What, I pray you, is more pleasant, more delectable, and more acceptable unto a man than to behold the heights of hilles, as it were the very Atlantes themselves of Heaven? to admire Hercules his pillers? to see the mountains Taurus and Caucasus? to view the hill Olympus, the seat of Jupiter? to pass over the Alpes that were broken by Annibal's vinegar? to climb up the Appenine promontory of Italy? from the hill Ida to behold the rising of the Sunne before the Sunne appears? to visite Parnassus and Helicon, the most celebrated seates of the Muses? Neither, indeed, is there any hill or hillock which does not contain in it the most sweete memory of worthy matters: there shalt thou see the place where Noah's Ark stood after the deluge; there where God himself dwelt and promulged his eternall law among the thunders and lightnings; there Elias to have hid

himself under a juniper tree and to have received his food from Ravens; there the Servant of the Lord to have fedde his father-in-lawe's sheepe and to have seen the great Jehova in a burning bush; there Peter to have wished he had built himself three Tabernacles; there our Saviour to have ascended from the earth after his resurrection to the right hand of his Everlasting Father."

This fine rhetorical outburst is still in the tradition of mythological and religious enthusiasm. And with Coryat himself it is a matter rather of beholding than of climbing. Coryat was a great pedestrian. He walked on his two feet 1975 miles through Paris, Lyons, Turin, Venice, Zurich, and Strassburg. Before starting on his still more extended travels in the East, he hung up his travel-worn shoes in Odcombe Church, in his native Somerset village. But he was more of a walker than a climber. He found the way over the mountains from Aiguebelette to Chambèry "so rocky, petricose, and salibroce," that he at last bargained with a chairman to carry him over. "It seemeth," he says, "very dangerous in divers places to travel under the rocky mountains because many of them are cloven and do seeme at the very instant that a man is under them, *minari ruinam*." Indeed, in his observations on Helvetia he does not so much as mention the mountains. In spite of his mountain rhapsody, it is with him as with Humboldt's ancients; the tale is still of

the difficulties of the way. "The climbing of mountains," says Professor Scheuchzer, "takes one's breath away, though it may be rendered less unpleasant by agreeable conversation."

There is, however, one genuine exception. It is yet another professor. Professors, like parsons, have deserved well of the mountains. Professor Conrad Gesner was a botanist, and it was the mountain vegetation that first attracted him; but he came to love the mountains for their own sakes. He had resolved, so he told his friend Vogel of Glarus, to ascend mountains, or at least a mountain, every year. A real enthusiasm breathes through his stiff Latin:

> Constitui posthac quamdiu vita divinitus concessa fuerit quotannis montes aliquos aut saltem unum conscendere. Quanta enim voluptas, quantæ sunt, putas, animi ut par est affecti, deliciæ, montium moles immensas spectaculo admirari et caput tamquam inter nubes attollere. Quibus vero socors est animus, nihil mirantur, domi torpent, non prodeunt in mundi theatrum.

That was in 1541. Again, more than ten years later, he wrote:

> Nihil hic auribus molestum esse potest, nihil importunum, nulli tumultus aut strepitus urbani, nullæ hominum rixæ. Hic in profundo et religioso quodam silentio ex prealtis montium jugis ipsam fere celestium si quæ est orbium harmoniam, exaudire tibi videberis.

Here surely is the true joy of the mountains, the sense of the divine peace and sublimity.

Indeed, one cannot help suspecting that though the sentiment did not find its way into

set literary expression it was by no means non-existent. Among naturalists, traders, guides, shepherds, hunters, there was probably a great deal more of the feeling than the garrulous and self-conscious modern has supposed. Men did not then seek or search the mountains for scenery, but those whose lives took them among these heights and solitudes perhaps felt—who knows?—the sublimity and secret influence of Nature's sanctuaries no less profoundly than the printed poet or the exhibited painter.

It was, however, only with Jean Jacques Rousseau that the fine writing began, and with Horace Walpole that scenery became fashionable. Gray's feeling was real enough as far as it went, but the real poetic religion of mountains came with Wordsworth and Shelley—with Shelley's sense of their splendour and prophetic voices, with Wordsworth's of their mystic communion and consolation. Modern mountaineering, on the other hand, in the sense of an exploration of the mountains, began with the ascents of Mont Blanc by Jacques Balmat and Horace Benedict de Saussure in 1786 and 1787. Mont Blanc was not the first snow-peak to be ascended. The Titlis had been climbed as early as 1744. But it was Saussure who first attracted the world's attention, and it was he who prepared the way for a true exploration of the mountains by training his troop of glacier guides at Chamonix.

The story is well known. Spirited young Mr. Windham, father of Pitt's Windham, helped with his friends to make Chamonix the fashion. It became a favourite resort, especially from cosmopolitan Geneva. Saussure, who went there to study the glaciers, offered in 1760 a reward for the ascent of the mountain. After several unsuccessful attempts by the natives of the neighbourhood, Jacques Balmat, accompanying Dr. Paccard, got to the top in 1786, and the year following took up Saussure with his company. The story is known from Saussure's own writings, and later by the trumpeting of Balmat's fine achievement through the megaphone of the great Alexandre Dumas.

But this excellent beginning had not much immediate result. There was, it is true, another ascent of Mont Blanc the next year, but not another till 1802, and after that not another till 1809. The fact was, Europe had other things to think of. The French Revolution had intervened, and the wars of Napoleon. The mountains were once more but obstacles to armies, and for the time no place for the peaceful explorer. For a quarter of a century after Saussure there were only half a dozen ascents, and, says Whymper scornfully, the people who went up had to be nursed and cared for like children. Though the Jungfrau was climbed in 1811 and the Finsteraarhorn the year after, it is true to say that half a century after

Saussure the High Alps were still an undiscovered country.

Such was proclaimed to be the state of things in 1843 by James D. Forbes, who knew his Switzerland and Savoy better than any other man of his day. His *Travels through the Alps of Savoy*, published that year, marks the initiation of a new epoch, and he opens it by expressing his astonishment and uttering his protest at the general ignorance of the mountains still prevailing. While, says he, the Atlantic was a highway for loungers in America and the overland route to India was chronicled like that from London to Bath, when the desert had its post-houses and Athens its omnibuses, when Switzerland itself was a regular summer resort, the Swiss mountains themselves remained entirely unknown. Mr. Freshfield reminds us that even when Tyndall began writing, Monte Rosa was still known at Zermatt as the Gornergrat. Forbes, like Saussure, was a physicist, and his immediate interest, like Tyndall's and John Ball's later, was in the glaciers; but like these he was a true mountaineer, and became, as Mr. Coolidge says, one of the earliest British explorers in the High Alps. Forbes is the link between Saussure and the Alpine Clubs. After Forbes, the man of science, came Albert Smith, the popular lecturer.

Albert Smith, fascinated as a boy by Saussure's writings, had the wit to see there was money

in Mont Blanc. He made the ascent, and his lectures (published as a book in 1853) awakened a popular interest which greatly helped on the cause. Then came Sir Alfred Wills's *Wanderings in the High Alps*—the Wetterhorn ascended from Grindelwald in 1854, Monte Rosa in 1855, and Mont Blanc without guides in 1856. In 1856 appeared Ruskin's famous section of *Modern Painters* on "Mountain Beauty"; and in the winter of 1857 the Alpine Club was founded, with John Ball for first president. Ball was selected for the post, says Mr. Freshfield in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, because he most thoroughly united in himself the various motives which inspired the first members of the club—the zest for adventure, the love of the glories of the mountains, the patient pursuit of natural science in the many branches that are open to mountaineers.

From the Alpine Club came *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*—the first series edited by Ball in 1859, the second in 1862 edited by E. S. Kennedy (who with Hudson had ascended Mont Blanc without guides in 1855); and *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* makes the gospel of the new spirit of mountaineering. For modern mountaineering is a new enterprise in a new spirit. Between Saussure and the Alpine Club had intervened the romantic movements, with Wordsworth, Turner, and Ruskin. The English Alpine Club set a fashion that spread rapidly. The soil was

ready. In 1862 was founded the Austrian Alpine Club, in 1863 the Swiss and Italian Clubs, in 1869 the German, and in 1874 the French. A thorough exploration of the High Alps was set on foot. In the quarter of a century following Forbes's new impulse all the chief peaks of all the chief ranges of snow Alps and Dolomites had been climbed.

Already the Alps began to fail to furnish scope enough for the new zeal. In 1868 Mr. Freshfield started on his exploration of the Caucasus. It was, as I have said, his Æschylus that sent him there. As a child he had spent his holidays in the Alps. As an Eton boy he had reached the Sixth Form and the top of Mont Blanc the same year. When Oxford was passed and he had leisure to indulge his taste for mountain travel, the sonorous phrases of the *Prometheus* were ringing in his ears, and he was possessed by an ambition to carry the methods of Alpine exploration, in which he had already taken some part, into a range of mountains which, though half in Europe and comparatively near home, was practically unknown even to the leaders of learned societies. Next came the turn of the Selkirks in America; then Whymper's expedition to the Andes, followed by the exploration of other South American ranges; then in turn the Alps of New Zealand, Kilima-Njaro, and the mountains of Africa, the Karakoram Himalayas, and the Canadian Rockies. To the great names on the roll of

English pioneers—Forbes, Ball, William Longman, Tyndall, Addams Reilly, Hinchliffe, Hudson, A. W. Moore, Leslie Stephen, Kennedy, Walker, Hardy, Whymper—succeeded the no less distinguished line of Freshfield, Mummery, Pilkington, Martin Conway, Major Bruce, Fitzgerald, Norman Collie, to give the names that come first to my memory.

Mountaineering literature is now a library in itself and a library in many tongues. For, as Mr. Coolidge has reminded us, the vague idea afloat that the exploration of mountains above the snowline has been mainly due to Englishmen, is ludicrously inaccurate. There had been single sporadic explorers of the mountains down the centuries, that universal genius Leonardo da Vinci being one. You may read all about them and their experiences of dragons and other marvels in the instructive and entertaining pages of Mr. Gribble's *Early Mountaineers*. Englishmen did not come upon the scene until the middle of last century. But when they came they certainly made up for lost time, and their example, and the example of the English Alpine Club, count for much in modern mountaineering.

In this large literature the earlier books are perhaps the more enjoyable, partly just because they were the first. It was the dawn of a new enterprise, the entry upon a new kingdom. There were mysteries to unveil and unknown adventures to face. There was the zest and

enthusiasm of a new movement. Then many of these early mountaineers were men of letters like Tyndall and Leslie Stephen. The spirit was the spirit of travel and poetry, and in none yet, not altogether even in Whymper, that of competitive climbing. "There are climbers nowadays," writes Mr. Douglas Freshfield, "so dead to the green things of the earth that they grudge every hour that they are not 'at work' above the last moss and lichen. Such was not the spirit of my early companions. A. W. Moore, one of the keenest of the founders of the Alpine Club, held it as an axiom that the true mountaineer explored every valley as well as every crest of his favourite mountains." "Have we not heard," he asks, "of climbers who cannot 'waste time' on snow or ice, who can scale a boulder or rock-tooth but cannot find the right way up a great mountain?" "Of late years," he remarks elsewhere, "the mountaineer has grown more and more of a specialist. He has turned what used to be a form of travel into a branch of sport. The great oarsman is apt to think little of the scenery on the banks and much of his 'form' and 'times.' Climbers have specialized in another way, preferring to study every crag in a single corner of Switzerland rather than to know the Alps as a whole."

Still even in the most technical record of rock-faces traversed or rock-needles climbed, you will unquestionably experience that *frisson* which a

famous Frenchman took for a test of fine literature; and we in England least of all can afford to despise the feats of the cragsman, for his prowess and its records have given the mountains of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland their place in this refreshing and invigorating literature. The world would not willingly let die the exploits of the great athletic climbers. Mummery protested that he had nothing to say of science or topography, and no learning of any sort to sandwich between the stories of crags and *séracs*, of driving storm and perfect weather. He regarded mountaineering, he said, as unmixed play, and wrote for those who felt the same.

There is abundant room for this kind too. It takes all sorts to make a catholic mountaineering world. Who would be without *My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus?* Open Mummery's book where you will, said Sir Martin Conway, and in ten minutes you will find yourself clinging to the arms of your chair for safety. This sort makes no bad reading for a sedentary citizen. When Mummery was climbing, the Matterhorn was already an old story, and to make it exciting he had to make a surprise attack on it by the untried Zmutt Ridge. Ordinary ascents of Mont Blanc had become stale; but there was still a relish for Mummery in the Grépon crack. Yet, not so very long before, the Matterhorn was not only unscaled but held unscalable: no one had ventured to take up the challenge of its superb

upreared crest. Whymper's long siege of it, and the triumph and the tragedy of the first ascent, make one of the classic stories of mountaineering.

Whymper tells us how often the progress of his unsuccessful attempts was checked by difficulties that looked insuperable till they were actually tackled; and his testimony well illustrates the difference that lies between the unknown and the known, between the task of the pioneer and subsequent ascents. It was one thing to climb a new mountain in early mountaineering days, and is quite another now to climb a new mountain or an old mountain a new way. Early mountaineers, too, were haunted by imaginary dangers other than those from dragons. There was, for example, the persistent tradition of the danger of rarefied air and mountain sickness, which our airmen of to-day must regard as a bogy comparable with the demons and dragons of the Middle Ages. No mountaineer will ever know again quite the feelings of the Alpine pioneers, not even pioneers in far-distant continents and even more heroic altitudes.

The earlier books preserve the stimulus of this pioneering spirit, the first raptures of discovery, the first splendours of revelation, the visions of the men who were the first to burst into an unknown world of ice and snow. We get the thrill of adventure, the zest of exploration, the excitement of revelation, the contact with Nature in her most dazzling and impressive forms. We

are uplifted into a keener and purer air. We watch the pitting of pluck, endurance, and skill against the impersonal and unsleeping antagonism of Nature, with her sudden bursts of violence and fury. We realize the risks and share the triumphs; and the world affords few triumphs so direct, so satisfying, and so unalloyed as to stand after a stiff climb on the top of a high mountain and to behold the wide world at your feet.

One recalls Sir Alfred Wills's description of that first ascent of the Wetterhorn. "The instant before I had been face to face with a blank wall of ice. One step, and the eye took in a boundless expanse of crag and glacier, peak and precipice, mountain and valley, lake and plain. The whole world seemed to lie at my feet. The next moment I was almost appalled by the awfulness of our position. The side we had come up was steep but it was a gentle slope compared with that which now fell away from where I stood. A few yards of glittering ice at our feet, and then nothing between us and the green slopes of Grindelwald, 9000 feet below! Balmat told me afterwards that it was the most awful and startling moment he had known in the course of his long mountain experience. We felt as in the immediate presence of Him who had reared this tremendous pinnacle, and beneath the majestic roof of whose blue heaven we stood poised, as it seemed, half-way between earth and sky." Such were the sensations of the pioneers. Or for a more modern

sensation, remember Mr. Clinton Dent's cry of exultation, when the holiday dream of five years was finally accomplished and he set his foot on the summit of the Aiguille de Dru and stood gazing down on Chamonix: "Where in the wide world will you find a sport able to yield pleasure like this?"

Mr. Freshfield quotes Tennyson:

> The joy of life in steepness overcome,
> And victories of ascent, and looking down
> On all that has looked down on us, and joy
> In breathing nearer heaven.

The view from below is the picturesque view, but the view from the top is an emancipation of the spirit.

The ordinary literary critic or historian scarcely regards these mountaineering books as coming within his legitimate domain. Yet these books give us something that we cannot find elsewhere even in the kindred literature of exploration. Their intimacy with the mountains stands to Ruskin somewhat as Ruskin's Turner stood to Salvator Rosa. To read them at home is to be carried clean out of the grime and rattle and worry of the town or the pettinesses of the province.

Their heroisms are not unworthy to stand beside those of other great adventures, and the tragedies such as may well purge the soul with pity and terror. (I recall no mountaineering villain save one in fiction, though it may be rash to assume that Mr. Mason, who knows his

mountains, had in his mind no prototype among real mountaineers for the melodramatic scoundrel of *Running Water.*) The tragedy of the Matterhorn is the best remembered, it came so immediately to mar the glory of the first ascent, and Hadow's fatal slip carried with him to destruction, as well as Lord Francis Douglas, the great guide Michel Croz. Then there was the loss of Donkin's party in the Caucasus, and of Mummery on Nanga Parbat. Donkin was the first photographer of the high mountains, and his heavy camera was one of the relics found in their camp. If as a photographer he has been since surpassed by Signor Sella, it is because he deliberately sacrificed atmospheric effects for the sake of orographical clearness.

The mountains have taken a heavy toll of men of literary and intellectual distinction. The irreparable loss of Professor Balfour, Mr. Arthur Balfour's brother, is one of their tragedies. Another was the loss of Lewis Nettleship from exposure on Mont Blanc. He succumbed himself after keeping up with encouragement and snatches of song the spirits of his guides. What philosopher ever met death in a finer spirit? The Swiss mountains may be the "playground of Europe," but they are a playground where there is plenty of place for struggle as well as play, for defeat and disaster as well as triumph. There is the story of the tourist who watched from below through his field-glasses a descent from the Matterhorn. He scarcely noticed a little wisp

of cloud that clung for a while about the great rock pyramid. Yet that wisp of cloud was a blizzard in which was taking place a life-and-death grapple between man and mountain.

For pure pity one cannot recall anything more pathetic than the death of Jean Antoine Carrel just within reach of safety "on his own mountain." Carrel it was who made the first ascent of the Matterhorn from the Italian side immediately after Whymper made his ascent from Zermatt. The account of it in Guido Rey's book should be read along with Whymper's account of his own achievements. On the same mountain Carrel died from exhaustion some thirty years later.

On 23 August, 1890, Carrel started with Leone Sinigaglia and Charles Gorret of Valtournanche from Breuil, intending to cross the Matterhorn. Owing to a sudden change of weather they were confined to the hut on the Italian side at a very low temperature with very little to eat. On the 25th they gave up the expedition and started to return to Breuil. They started at 9 a.m. The whole mountain was covered with fresh snow, obliterating all handholds; the rocks were glazed with ice, the ropes frozen. At 11 p.m. they were still battling their way down the rocks. Soon after Carrel, having guided the difficult descent, succumbed to exhaustion. Let me give the end in Signor Sinigaglia's own words: "From where he died a short steep passage took

one to pastures where there was safety. Gorret descended first and I after him. We were nearly at the bottom, when I felt the rope pulled. We stopped, awkwardly placed as we were, and cried out to Carrel several times to come down, but received no answer. Alarmed, we went up a little way and heard him say, 'Come up and fetch me; I have no strength left.' We went up, and found that he was lying with his face to the ground, holding on to a rock and unable to get up or move a step. With extreme difficulty we carried him up to a safe place and asked him what was the matter. His only answer was, 'I no longer know where I am.' His hands were getting colder and colder, his speech weaker and more broken, his body more still. We did all we could for him, putting with great difficulty the rest of the cognac in his mouth. He said something and appeared to revive, but this did not last long. We tried rubbing him with snow, and shaking him and calling to him continually; but he could only answer with moans. We tried to lift him up, but it was impossible, and he was getting stiff. We stooped down and asked in his ear if he wished to commend his soul to God. With a last effort he answered, 'Yes,' and then fell on his back dead on the snow. With broken hearts we cut the rope which bound us to our dear brave companion, and continued the descent. We arrived at Breuil at five in the morning of the

26th, having walked twenty hours without food or rest."

No one can take leave of these bracing books without a tribute to the guides. Their names are for ever enshrined in the record of Alpine exploration. Auguste Balmat and Michel Croz, Andermatten and Imboden, Daniel Maquignaz, Jean Antoine Carrel, Emil Rey, Bennen, Maurer, Christian Almer, Jacob and Melchior Anderegg, and Ulrich and Christian Lauener, and the rest. These books make the reader realize what Ruskin called "The Mountain Gloom" and "The Mountain Glory." They move us with the splendour, majesty, and terror of the mountains, and stir us with the achievements of the mountaineers. But perhaps more than all they leave us with deep admiration and affection for the guides, that brave, loyal, and modest band of mountain gentlemen of whom the names cited are but the foremost examples. These men in their strength, reserve, and steadfastness were worthy of the mountains.

Of the Lineage of Yorick

LAURENCE STERNE, tired of being told how much better they ordered things in France, determined to cross the Channel to see for himself. The result was the *Sentimental Journey*, itself immortal and the parent of an immortal progeny. It inspired a new kind of travel book, of all kinds the most delightful, in which the author is essayist first and traveller second; in which travel is ever the occasion of reflection and human experience; in which fresh scenes and unforeseen incidents mitigate the egotism of the essayist; while the little romances by the way escape the prolixity and emphasis of the novel. You can watch the leaven working in the latest specimens where the sentiment is as remote as possible from the sentiment of Sterne. It is this new spirit in travel which refreshes us whether we linger with Mr. Synge in his Aran Islands, or escape from Grub Street with George Gissing to renew our humanity by the Ionian Sea, or revisit Old Calabria in the suggestive company of the author of *South Wind*. It is the quick eye for idiosyncrasy, the lively love of art and sympathy with his fellow-men, the

humour and humanity, that make Mr. E. V. Lucas the companionable traveller that he is. And never was the charm more piquant than when we travelled with a donkey in the Cevennes, or made an inland voyage with the *Cigarette* and *Arethusa.*

Not, of course, that Sterne was without forbears. Before Sterne and Heine were Rabelais and Lucian, and I suppose one might call the *Odyssey* the first Sentimental Journey. Montaigne was traveller as well as essayist; and in the years just preceding Yorick's excursion, Sterne's fellow-novelists, Fielding and Smollett, made literature of a *Journey to Lisbon* and *Travels through France and Italy.* Naturally, too, many travellers who are travellers first and last, who would never have thought of setting pen to paper but for the new lands and people they had to describe, put so much of themselves into their books as to achieve the added charm of the other kind. James Bruce was himself at least as picturesque as his Abyssinians, and the coxcombries of Coryat were as conscious as the sentiment of Sterne. Sir Walter Raleigh did everything with an air, whether he laid his cloak in the mud for his Virgin Queen or founded her Virginian colony, or sought, with death for the penalty of failure, an Eldorado for the penurious and mean-spirited James.

We learn much of India and the beginnings of our Indian trade and Empire from the vivid diary of Sir Thomas Roe; but we learn even more of

that adroit and winning envoy himself, of whom the German Emperor said, that if Roe had been one of the fair sex and a beauty, he was sure the engaging conversation of the English Ambassador would have been too hard for his virtue. Or there is that very human pioneer of English trade with Persia across the Caspian, Mr. Jonas Hanway. Hanway pleaded apologetically that it was impossible in a journal of travel to avoid being the hero of your own story and introducing your actions and sentiments. But who would have it otherwise when the travellers are men like Mr. Jonas Hanway or Sir Thomas Roe?

For all this, for all the sentiment and charm of other and older travel books, the *Sentimental Journey* was a new thing and began a new kind. Magic of character, vision, style, before accidental, became essential. Sterne unquestionably breathed into travel literature a new spirit.

Heine, in this as in other respects a disciple of Sterne, wrote his *Reisebilder*, which are the most magical things of their kind. It is not, however, in the *Reisebilder*, but in a book of literary criticism, that he asks suddenly, "Do you know China, the land of winged dragons and porcelain tea-chests? The whole country is a cabinet of curiosities surrounded by an interminable wall guarded by ten thousand Tartar sentries. It is a country in which nature and mankind cannot look at each other without

laughing; but they are too highly civilized to laugh out loud, and to contain themselves they make the oddest grimaces. It is a country without shadows and without perspective, and the brightly coloured houses have for roofs tier upon tier of umbrellas with tinkling bells, which turn into a joke the very wind as it blows over them." Heine, indeed, takes the extreme licence of the poet. In the second book of the *Reisebilder*—the Book of Ideas—there is not a mile of actual travel; and in the *Harzreise*, I suppose, the first thing we think of and the last we forget is the little girl of the Mountain Idyll, to whom, while her mother nodded in her chair, the poet declared himself a knight of the Holy Ghost.

It was in the new spirit, though inspired rather by Chateaubriand and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, that Théophile Gautier wrote his travel books. He too was a poet, and a poet with a rare eye for form and colour, and all the passion of his literary generation for the exotic. The *Voyage en Espagne* is his masterpiece in the "local colour" that was a fashion with the romanticists. Masterly, too, are Eugène Fromentin's pictures of the African deserts, not yet sentimentalized for the circulating libraries. The French have a happy gift in this kind, as we see to-day in Loti and Maurice Barrès. Loti's Japan was very much the Japan of a Sentimental Journey; and even Lafcadio Hearn's charming first *Glimpses of*

Unfamiliar Japan were still in the tradition of Théophile Gautier.

It is this new spirit in travel literature that makes *Eothen* the perennial joy it is; which places it in all lists and libraries, and keeps it fresh in every mind and memory with a love for travel and travel books. Something akin had been done before by the brilliant and insolent Beckford in his now almost forgotten Portuguese *Sketches* and the *Visits to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha.* Portugal, by the way, had scarcely been touched since, till Mr. Gilbert Watson gave us the other day his pretty book of *Sunshine and Sentiment.* It was perhaps the vogue of *Eothen* that inspired Lord Dufferin to write his spirited *Letters from High Latitudes.*

Eothen was closely followed on its own ground by *The Crescent and the Cross* of Kinglake's life-long friend Eliot Warburton, which rivalled for a time the success of *Eothen* itself. Its fame seems to have faded, yet the wise will not neglect Warburton's presentation of scenes wherein, as he said, paradise was lost and was regained, and where the stranger is still received by Sheiks of Abraham's fashion, who feast him on the fare that was set before the angels.

After Kinglake and Warburton come another picturesque pair of friends, George Borrow and Richard Ford. Personality will out even in a guide-book. The first edition of Ford's *Spain* is one of the rare guide-books that one reads for

fun at home; and in spite of the small print and double columns which provoked Ford's pathetic protests while the proofs were passing through the press, it has become the joy not only of the reader but of the collector.

Knowing Ford's love and knowledge of Spain, John Murray had asked him to recommend a writer for his *Handbook*. Ford volunteered to do the job himself. But, as he wrote to Addington, he could not cool his style to the tone of a waybill, and his ideas came bubbling over like a soda-water bottle. The result was a mass of splendid material absurdly in excess of what could be packed into a guide-book. The original manuscript had to be drastically cut and remodelled, and even so the book ran into nearly 1100 pages of small print. Happily the redundant wealth of genius and knowledge was not wasted. Much of it was embodied in the *Gatherings from Spain* which, published the following year, met with immediate success, and remains one of the best of the many good books about an enchanting country.

Ford broke off in the middle of his labour on the *Handbook* to help Borrow with his *Bible in Spain*. It is as pleasant to recall this brotherly service as to remember Warburton's generous enthusiasm over *Eothen*. Borrow, said Ford, had a touch of Bunyan—was a blend of Bunyan and Gil Blas. The blend made a most unconventional pilgrim. It is little wonder that the blameless

meetings of the Bible Society were unusually well attended when a report was expected from its amazing missionary. Mr. Birrell has told us how the sombre Sunday reading of his Nonconformist childhood was lightened by the dear, deluding title of *The Bible in Spain.* There is no better travelling companion than Borrow. With no one will you make quicker friends with queerer people. Borrow found in Spain a fine array of picturesque scenes and peculiar characters. But to do his genius justice, it needed no exotic aids. Mumper's Dell with a gipsy girl and a travelling tinker was good enough for him, or a horse-coper in his own county, or a Methodist in the mountains of wild Wales.

After Ford and Borrow you get "Rob Roy" Macgregor, who was the pioneer of canoe travel on this side of the Atlantic. When he navigated the Jordan and other Bible waters in the *Rob Roy,* his canoe was not only a novelty, but was likewise the craft most handy for his purpose. But when Stevenson made his *Inland Voyage,* it may be suspected that the *Arethusa* and *Cigarette* were chosen to impart a spice of the unusual to a holiday jaunt in an age when Murray and Baedeker and Thomas Cook had reduced European travel to too facile and orderly a business. The *Donkey in the Cevennes,* no less, was probably adopted not without an eye to her place in the picture. Yorick shed the tear of sentiment over a dead ass; but, alas! Stevenson

was constrained to prod Modestine up the slopes of the Cevennes, and found no word mean enough to describe her pace of progress. In any case, the *Travels with a Donkey* and *The Inland Voyage* revealed a new master in this kind and a true-born descendant in the line from Yorick, whatever the difference in the sentiment of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

There is whim and wit in Stevenson, but withal poetry and a vein of philosophical reflection. There is a bright eager delicate spirit as ready for a journey in an emigrant train across the great plains of the West, or for life with the natives in the South Seas, as for a stroll through the glades of Fontainebleau with the Barbizon artists, or a walking tour all by himself in the Pentland Hills. Stevenson's donkey and canoes are not the only instance of the way the modern traveller evades the commonplace facilities. In a more adventurous spirit Mr. E. F. Knight navigated the Atlantic in an eighteen-ton yawl, to find a paradise in Paraguay and an inferno among the landcrabs of Trinidad; and Mr. Basil Lubbock rounded the Horn in a windjammer with a crew of outcasts.

It was pre-eminently in this spirit that Mr. Belloc took upon him his pilgrim's vows. The vows were lightly taken to be lightly broken, but bore fruit in a most engaging book. Saying his prayers in the French valley in which he was born, Mr. Belloc noticed behind the High Altar

a statue of Our Lady so extraordinary and so different from all that he had ever seen before, that he was quite taken out of himself and vowed a vow there to go to Rome on pilgrimage and see all Europe that the Christian faith had saved; and he said: "I will start from the place where I served in arms for my sins; I will walk all the way and take advantage of no wheeled thing; I will sleep rough and cover thirty miles a day; and I will hear Mass every morning and I will be present at High Mass in St. Peter's on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul." Mr. Belloc did in fact reach Rome on foot, and was present at High Mass in St. Peter's on the appointed feast day; but all the other conditions had been broken in one part or another. Mr. Chesterton has expatiated on the value of rash vows. To this rash vow of Mr. Belloc we owe a book, for all its flings and poses, as fresh as it is fascinating.

As a reader, I confess I would travel with Heine rather even than with Humboldt; and make an inland voyage with Stevenson in the *Cigarette* than cross the ocean with Darwin in the *Beagle*; rather go riding with Kinglake in Homeric spirits into Homeric lands than find the way out of darkest Africa with Stanley or cross the great Gobi Desert with Sven Hedin; take the cross with Mr. Belloc rather than share the most orthodox of historical pilgrimages. Perhaps most refreshing of all is it to travel with George Borrow on the pretext of spreading

the Protestant Bible in Catholic Spain. Borrow was born brother of the gipsy. The wind on the nearest heath was for him emancipation, inspiration, revelation. The road to his fairyland ran from his front door.

Happy are they of this brotherhood! There is more of the true spirit of travel in a walking tour of Stevenson, or a journey of Hazlitt to get no farther than Llangollen, than in all the heavy tomes of the globe-trotters manufactured out of notebooks and photographic negatives. Bret Harte spoke sarcastically, but he spoke quite truly, when he said that Thoreau found the freedom of the wilderness within earshot of Emerson's dinner-bell. You will not easily find better travelling than in Cobbett's *Rural Rides about England.* His business might be to spy out the hardships of the poor and gather arguments against a fiscal policy he detested; and it is true that, as Heine complained of Börne, Cobbett makes you swallow everything with the black sauce of his political spleen; yet he breathes always such a lively sense of the loveliness of the green English lanes and the fresh English air, that one forgets and forgives the politics in the exhilaration of the outings.

Leland told Henry VII that he had had such desire to see the different parts of his realm of England, that there was almost neyther cape nor baye, haven, crekes or pere, ryver or confluence of ryvers, beeches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny

waters, hethes, forestes, woodes, cyties, burges, castels, and pryncipalle manor places, monasteryes and colleges, but he had seen them, and noted in so doinge a whole world of thynges very memorable. It is an example to be followed.

When the late Samuel Butler wrote his *Alps and Sanctuaries*, he thought it well to explain that he did not write about Italy because he loved England less. He found a charm in the villages of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex which in its way he knew not where to rival. He had seen many foreign cities, but knew none in his opinion so beautiful as London. He stared at Fleet Street, like "Cortez" at the Pacific in Keats's sonnet, with the eye of the discoverer, and had the courage to deny that the view had been spoiled by the London, Chatham, and Dover railway-bridge. It added, he protested, greatly to the sense of size, and made us doubly aware of the movement of life, the colossal circulation to which London owes so much of its impressiveness. Vast as it was, there was a vaster still on high, and when the trains were passing the steam from the engine would throw the dome of St. Paul's into the clouds, and make it seem as though there were a common glory of earth and some far-off mysterious palace in the clouds. Shade of Dr. Johnson!

We all enjoy our Sussex now with the infectious enthusiasm of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Belloc, Mr. E. V. Lucas, and Mr. W. H. Hudson,

Nature in his own Downland is as inspiring to Mr. Hudson as in La Plata or the Green Mansions of his tropical forest. There is no more delightful travelling than a tour with him in Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, or Cornwall.

I rejoice in all these books in which one wanders at large under the open sky, riding, sailing, or walking; in which the free airs of heaven mate with the unfettered spirit; in which each dawn breathes a fresh impulse and a fresh inspiration, with a renewed sense of the bliss of being alive, while evening with the glory of setting suns or the magic of moonlight brings the solace of the camp or of hospitalities uncovenanted and unhackneyed. If the spirit of the prophet had been in Naaman the Syrian, he would have found the healing streams of his native Abana and Pharpar as sovereign as all the waters of Israel, and we may taste to the full in our own beautiful country the saving virtues of travel. There is the story of the stanch Scotsman who, taken to behold the famous view of the Himalayas from Darjeeling, remarked, "Man, they mind me of the lowlands of Scotland." To the true traveller every open road is a road to Paradise, and the nearest hill but a spur of the Delectable Mountain.

So I saw in my dream, says Bunyan, that in the morning the shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains.

So they went forth and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the shepherds, "Shall we show these pilgrims some wonders?"

Happy, thrice happy pilgrims!

Pilgrims, Pirates, and Merchant Adventurers

THERE is no more enthralling history than that of geographical discovery, and in it no chapter more fascinating than that narrated with so much learning and enthusiasm by Professor Raymond Beazley in his great work on *The Dawn of Modern Geography.* The Crusades make the dividing line between the old geography and the new, between the old world of the Mediterranean and the new world of ocean travel. I suppose most of us think of the Crusades as wars of religion. As wars of religion they were a failure. The splendid dreams of Hildebrand, Urban, and Innocent could not be realized, and the tide of Moslem conquest was not stayed. It was finely said by a great philosopher that a second time the disciples sought their Lord at the sepulchre and a second time the answer was, "He is not here; He is risen." But the Crusades were a great deal more than wars of religion. They were among other things a great opportunity of travel. Think what a pilgrimage to

Palestine meant in the local and restricted life of the feudal ages! You escaped from routine and saw the world, and you left behind you your debts and your sins. A clean financial sheet, present pardon, and future salvation were offered together with the novelty, the excitement, and the delight of travel. The Crusades for the time absorbed and superseded the pilgrimages to Rome.

The immense processions of pilgrims to Rome, says the historian of *Rome in the Middle Ages*, ceased during the Crusades. The Crusades ended, the old longing reawoke among the peoples and drew them again to the graves of the Apostles. In 1300 Pope Boniface VIII promulgated his Bull of Jubilee, which promised remission of sins to all who should visit the Basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul during the year. The pressure towards Rome was unexampled. The city presented the aspect of a camp where crowds of pilgrims that resembled armies thronged incessantly in and out. A spectator standing on one of the heights of the city might have seen swarms like wandering tribes approach along the ancient Roman roads from north, south, east, and west. Italians, Provençals, Frenchmen, Hungarians, Slavs, Germans, Spaniards, Englishmen. They spoke in many dialects, but they all sang in the same language the litanies of the Church, and their longing dreams had but one and the same object. On

beholding in the sunny distance the dark forest of towers of the Holy City, they raised the exultant shout, "Rome, Rome," like sailors who after a tedious voyage catch the first glimpse of land.

During an entire year Rome swarmed with pilgrims, and was filled with a perfect babel of tongues. It was said 30,000 pilgrims entered and left the city daily, and that daily 200,000 pilgrims might have been found within it. The trade in relics and images was so gigantic that the hostile Ghibellines, and after them the sceptical Gibbon, hinted that the jubilee was just a commercial speculation. The great dream of a United States of Christendom under the spiritual sway of Christ's vicar at Rome faded and failed, but the fruits of the Crusades were none the less real; and they were the fruits of travel and human intercourse. Urban and Peter the Hermit sowed; but it was science and discovery, the scholastic philosophers and the men of the Renaissance, Marco Polo, Vasco da Gama, Columbus, who gathered the harvest.

In the dark ages between Constantine and the Crusades the pilgrims were the chief travellers. Greek literature begins with an *Odyssey;* English literature with a pilgrimage to Canterbury. It has been said the Crusades were the Pilgrims' Progress developed into the Holy War. Pilgrimages, in fact, provided the

outlet for an ineradicable instinct, the passion for roaming.

> We are the pilgrims, Master; we shall go
> Always a little further; it may be
> Beyond that last blue mountain barr'd with snow,
> Across that angry or that glimmering sea.
>
> White on a throne or guarded in a cave,
> There lives a prophet who can understand
> Why men were born: but surely we are brave
> Who make the golden journey to Samarkand.

This instinct for roaming, reinforced by religion, filled Europe and the East with pilgrims. It was the Moslem interference with the Christian pilgrims that was the ostensible cause of the Crusades. When Jerusalem was inaccessible the pilgrims thronged, as we have seen, to Rome. The pilgrims as travellers had their limitations. Like Cook's tourists, they travelled by customary stages along customary routes. They carved their names on the relics at Cana of Galilee. Like the famous medieval map at Hereford, they got their world out of focus by putting Jerusalem too much in the centre, and by their taste for marvels. Bishop Arculf saw a column at Jerusalem in the year 680 which cast no shadow at noon in the summer solstice, and that proved it was at the centre of the earth. They saw only what they went to see, and what they went to see were the sites of miracles and the relics of the saints.

In Egypt all they had eyes for was Joseph's Barns, and they were agog to go in search of

Pharoah's Chariot Wheels. The Pillar of Salt which was Lot's wife was a continual attraction. Though the more cultivated or less credulous Roman lady pilgrim, Silvia of Aquitaine, in the fourth century reports that it had already disappeared and was supposed to be in the Dead Sea, yet Antonius of Placentia in the sixth century says he saw it, and, moreover, denies the rumour that it was being licked away; and Theodosius says it waxed and waned with the phases of the moon. Antonius also saw the Stone which the Builders rejected, because, as he surprisingly adds, "it was so ugly." Yet, though they tell us so much that we cannot believe, and leave out so much that we should be glad to hear, the pilgrims kept alive the tradition of travel. They kept open wider horizons in space and time. And we get here and there a hint or a glimpse of the life of the time: of the crowded shipping in the Red Sea ports laden with Indian spices; of the great Pharos at Alexandria ablaze all night with torches amid the world's traffic. Alexandria, we are told, was equally hospitable to pilgrims and heresies, and so crowded with merchants from every nation under heaven that it took a whole day to get from one end of the town to the other. So are we reminded that we must not forget the traders among the early travellers. Marco Polo revealed to medieval Europe the wonders of Cathay, but before Marco Polo were the immemorial caravan routes to the East. The lust

of trade and the lust of travel found in each other a mutual spur.

> Away, for we are ready to a man,
> Our camels sniff the evening and are glad;
> Lead on, O Master of the Caravan,
> Lead on the Merchant Princes of Bagdad.
>
> We travel not for trafficking alone,
> By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:
> For lust of knowing what should not be known,
> We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

Just as behind the Arabian tales of Sindbad the Sailor lie the real Chinese voyages of Suleyman the Merchant and other Moslem traders of the ninth century, so the *Odyssey* itself is full of details that doubtless came from the bold early mariners of the Mediterranean. It is a theme that was worked out by Victor Bérard in his famous book on *The Phœnicians and the Odyssey*. These ancient mariners penetrated to Northern Europe without chart or compass. The land of the Læstrygonians which Bérard puts in Sardinia, what is it, says Professor Ker, but Norway?—the land where a sleepless man might earn a double wage, so near were the paths of day and night; the land where the harbour of the Homeric description was manifestly a Norwegian fiord.

There was throughout the Middle Ages the amber trade with the Baltic and the trade in ivory with Africa. Something was known of the Guinea Coast from the traders by the old Sahara

caravan route long before Prince Henry the Navigator conceived and organized the great enterprise of circumnavigating Africa. His sailors were full of superstitious terrors. They had heard the seas to the south were boiling hot and the air there thick with demons. But the Turk had blocked the land route and the trade of the Indies was at stake. Prince Henry persevered, and the results of his enterprise were a Portuguese empire and modern ocean travel. As Mr. Kipling remembered, Hakluyt called his great work *Voyages, Trafficks and Discoveries.* Trade is not all prose. There is poetry in freights and cargoes, as Mr. Masefield knows—

> Quinqueremes of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
> Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine
> With a cargo of ivory
> And apes and peacocks,
> Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

In the dark ages, besides the traders and the pilgrims the other great travellers were the pirates. Within the pale, the wandering penitent: without the pale, the marauding pagan. We all know from our early history books the horrors of the Viking raids. But that account of the matter comes from the chronicles of the raided monasteries. It is a very different picture painted from the other side. It was a jolly roving life of adventure and discovery, of prowess and plunder. You can read all about it and realize the zest of it in the Sagas. The Northmen were

a nation of Francis Drakes. No other nation has such a jolly history book as the Heimskringla.

The Northmen's world was at first as restricted as Homer's, only viewed from the opposite end. Until the time of our King Alfred they had not got even to the North to within six days' sail of the North Cape. It was Ohthere—the Northman who took service with Alfred—who first explored that coast, passed the North Cape and reached Archangel. Like the Homeric world, too, the Northmen's world was full of myths and monsters. Odin came to them out of some dim eastern land of giants and dwarfs and dragons. Into this dim world the Northmen went forth in their long ships, into all seas to explore, and to ravish and plunder. Of Eric, the son of Harold Fairhair, we read: "When Eric was twelve years old King Harold gave him five long ships, with which he went on an expedition—first in the Baltic, then southwards to Denmark, Friesland, and Saxonland, on which expedition he passed four years. He then sailed out into the West Sea, and plundered in Scotland, Bretland (Wales), Ireland, and Valland (France), and passed four more years in this way. Then he sailed north to Finmark, and all the way to Biarmaland, where he had many a battle and won many a victory." This gives us some notion of the scope of the Viking raids.

When Eric came back to Finmark, the history goes on, his men found a girl in a Lapland hut whose equal for beauty they had never seen.

She had been sent there by her father to learn Lapland art from two of the most knowing Laplanders and cunning hunters in all Finmark. Naturally, both the Lapps were in love with her and the girl was bored. The visit of the King's men promised a diversion. Knowing as were the Lapps, you will not be surprised to hear they were outwitted by the girl. Men are easily gulled by the girl they are in love with. She plans and makes her escape, and, with her father's consent, becomes the lawful wife of the Prince. It is just like one of Grimm's stories, only with nothing supernatural about it, but evidently just the natural life of the time and place. That is what the Vikings travelled for—not the remission of sins.

The Northmen greatly widened the bounds of the known world. They colonized the Orkneys and Shetland, the Faroe Islands and Iceland. They discovered and settled in Greenland. They actually discovered America four centuries before Columbus. It is now agreed that the Vinland of the Sagas was the coast of North America. Columbus himself went to Iceland to pick up the lore of the sailors, and very likely heard the tradition. The Vikings came, saw, and conquered Vinland; but the way was long, the booty small, the struggle hardly worth while. They left it, and perhaps forgot it. You get only visionary memories caught up with old-world myths into such monkish romances as the Voyage of St.

Brandan, just as recollections of pilgrimages and crusades live in the romances of the Grail.

The Vikings went north and east as well as west and south. As we saw, Ohthere got to Archangel. Hakluyt couples him with Chancellor as discoverer of Muscovy, but between the Norse discoverer and the English there had rolled some seven centuries. The first Russian kingdom of Novgorod was founded by the Northmen. It was to Novgorod that the little Olaf Tryggvason was spirited away to save his life from the dangers that hung round his cradle in Norway. Throughout the adventurous and romantic career of Harold Hardrada, it was to Novgorod he looked as his home. He went to Palestine and sent his relics back there. He served Zoe the Empress in Constantinople as Captain of her Varangian band, and the wealth he won he sent back there. He fought in Sicily and Africa and sent his spoils back there. And thither he returned, flying by way of the sea of Azof and Kief from Byzantine vengeance, to find the Russian princess waiting to be his wife. With Russian help for fresh adventures, he set out to reconquer Norway and to invade England, and fell, as we all know, at Stamford Bridge, on the eve of the battle of Hastings.

These Northmen won Normandy under Rollo. They governed England under Canute. They conquered England under William. They conquered Sicily under Roger. By this time they

had been converted to Christianity. Their conversion under Olaf, called the Saint, was managed with harryings and burnings after the Viking fashion. But once converted, they brought in time their new piety and all their old roving and fighting spirit to the service of the Crusades. The first Crusade was preached by a French pope on French soil and was mainly a Norman-French enterprise. The mightiest Crusaders came from Norman France and Norman England. The Crusades were the culmination of the Viking raids as much as of the Christian pilgrimages.

When the Crusades failed, and the Turk was astride the road to the East and in possession both of Jerusalem and Constantinople, the forces that inspired the Crusades—the religious impulse, the passion for wandering, the love of change, the love of freedom, the love of money, the yearning for the unknown—all found their vent in a new epoch of discovery. Marco Polo had dazzled Europe with his revelations of the splendours of Kubla Khan. The sound of a cry from the fabled Prester John had stirred all Christendom. Venice, Genoa, Portugal, Spain, England, Flanders were all forced to seek new routes for their trade. Prince Henry tackled the problem of the circumnavigation of Africa, and Vasco da Gama reached India round the Cape. Columbus sought it across the Atlantic and discovered America. Magellan found his way to India through the straits named after him and

proved the world was round. English seamen tried for a north-west or north-east passage, and though they did not find it, their voyages had great results. And after the English went the Dutch. Hakluyt found it in his heart to commend the Dutch adventurers, but, said he, our English nation led them the dance, broke the ice before them, and gave them good leave to light their candle at our torch.

The world known to the crusading age was still substantially the classical world. But now all the doors were opened at once, and Europe surveyed mankind from China to Peru. Who can forget the superb cry of exultation with which Hakluyt introduces his great work? "Which of the kings of this land before Her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian Sea? Which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia as Her Majesty had done, and attained for her merchants large and loving privileges? Who ever saw before this regiment an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Signior at Constantinople? Who ever found English consuls and agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and, which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now? What English ships did heretofore ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate, pass and repass the unpassable (in former opinion) strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chili, Peru, and all the back side of Nova Hispania, farther than any

Christian ever passed, traverse the mighty breadth of the South Sea, land upon the Luzones in despite of the enemy, enter into alliance, amity, and traffic with the princes of the Moluccas and Isle of Java, double the famous Cape of Bona Speranza, arrive at the Isle of Santa Helena, and, last of all, return home most richly laden with the commodities of China, as the subjects of this new flourishing monarchy have done?"

New horizons were opened, new oceans crossed, new continents revealed, ancient civilizations unburied. We speak lightly now of the discovery of the New World. The New World has become a conventional phrase. Just pause to think of the thrill of it when the New World was in fact as in phrase a *new world*. Try to realize what a revelation it meant, what a revelation in the old world's whole mental conception of the scheme of things. The living writer who bears the splendid name of Sir Walter Raleigh says of it: "All preconceived notions and beliefs concerning cosmography, history, politics, and society were made ridiculous by the new discoveries. The world had been opened up by the fanatical self-confidence of visionaries and had proved to be wilder than their wildest dreams. New kingdoms were to be had for the taking. All things became possible. Credulity was wiser than experience; and the wonders reported were reckoned merely the first-fruits of greater things to come." It was as if an aeroplane blundered

into Mars and came back to tell the tale. The stir and stimulus of new horizons vibrate in all the literature of the sixteenth century.

The discovery of the New World meant Utopias in the sphere of thought as much as El Dorados in the sphere of trade, adventure, and empire. It inspired Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, as well as Frobisher and Drake. It gave England its great Elizabethan age. Hakluyt's *Voyages* are the English Odyssey. Froude reproved and did much to remove England's neglect of these Homeric heroes of hers. That neglect is past. You can buy Hakluyt now in shilling volumes; and to-day there is no English soul so dead as not to be stirred by Drake's Drum. We say now as Elizabeth's Lord High Admiral said then: "God send us to see such a company together again, when need is."

Columbus himself never realized the full import of his discovery. He believed to the end that the lands he had discovered across the Atlantic were a part of the Indies. It was with the bait of a nearer and safer route to India that he had tried to tempt the cupidity of our Henry VII; and in his long pursuit of a patron for his enterprise, it was this same commercial advantage that he dangled before the short-sighted self-interest of princes untouched by any geographical enthusiasm. But to Columbus himself can be imputed no sordid aim, nor is the "fanatical self-confidence of the visionary" the phrase to be

applied to the spirit of his dream. His letter to Ferdinand and Isabella breathes a spirit of piety, of disinterested scientific enthusiasm, and of disciplined preparation for his ordained task. "From the tender age," he wrote, "I went to sea, and to this day I have continued to do so. Whosoever devotes himself to this craft must desire to know the secrets of Nature here below. For forty years now have I thus been engaged, and wherever man has sailed hitherto on the face of the sea, thither have I sailed also. I have been in constant relation with men of learning whether ecclesiastical or secular, Latins and Greeks, Jews and Moors, and men of many a sect besides. To accomplish this my longing (to know the secrets of the world) I found the Lord favourable to my purposes; it is He who hath given me the needful disposition and understanding. He bestowed upon me abundantly the knowledge of seamanship and of astronomy. He gave me enough to work withal and so with geometry and arithmetic. In the days of my youth I studied works of all kinds, history, chronicles, philosophy, and other arts, and to apprehend these the Lord opened my understanding. Under His manifest guidance I navigated hence to the Indies: for it was the Lord who gave me the will to accomplish that task, and it was in the ardour of that will that I came before your Highnesses. All those who heard of my project scouted and derided it; all the acquirements I have mentioned stood me

in no stead; and if in your Highnesses and in you alone faith and constancy endured, to whom are due the lights that have enlightened you as well as me but to the Holy Spirit?"

Such was the spirit and such the faith in which its discoverer at least entered upon the heritage of the New World.

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